

FRANK LESLIE'S

THE NEWSPAPER  
OF THE DAY



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12 WEEKS \$1.00.

The Grandeur of American Citizenship.

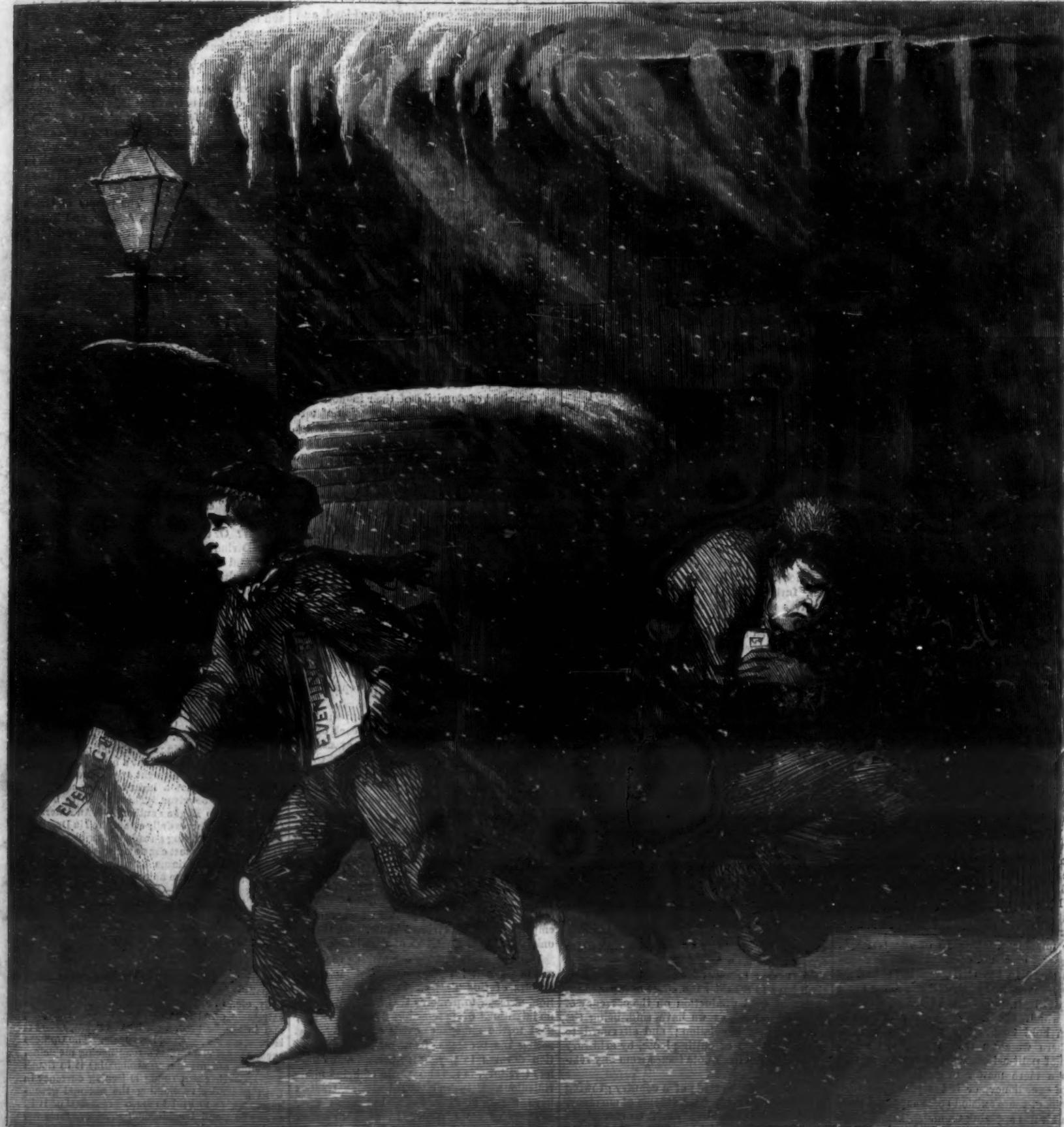
The Vice President-elect has administered a grand rebuke to the paltry, trading, huckstering policy of national extension that has characterized the Government at Washington, or, rather, the department presided over by Mr. Seward. Our greatness is not to be promoted or achieved by purchases of the out-

lying back lots of creation, and by petty acquisitions here and there, valueless in themselves, and at best but a source of expense and weakness. The destiny of America, however obscure or doubtful it may have been before the war, is so no longer. That great event lifted the vail of the future, revealing its magnificent vista not alone to our own eyes, but to those of the world. It dis-

sipated forever all the dreams of European potentates, principalities and powers, of reconquest, political colonization, and territorial acquisition on this continent, and showed that the aggregation of all the American States under one flag was a question only of time, and which opposition would only precipitate. The countries adjacent to ours, and the islands that stud the seas around it, gravi-

tate toward us with irresistible power, and with a rapidity that needs no acceleration. They are coming as fast as is for their own good and ours, and they will come at last "without money and without price."

Happily, Mr. Seward's ambition to anticipate the operation of natural laws and the clear designs of Providence, at needless expense to the Treasury, will soon be checked



by the appointment of his successor in office, whose policy, let us hope, is shadowed forth in the following passage from Mr. Colfax's speech at the New England dinner in this city on the 23d of December. He said :

"The grandeur of American citizenship! It is that which fills my heart when I think of the past history of this great country, and, daring to look beyond the wall, see in the advancing future, swift-coming as it seems to me, in the good time which, to my enthusiasm, seems almost at hand, the magnificent destiny of this great country of ours. It is that shield of American citizenship which we are to make as proud and potential as the Roman citizenship in the days of Paul. It is that which is to enable our ambassadors to stand unabashed in the shadow of thrones in the Old World. It is that which is to lift America to a prouder position among the nations of the world. It is that which is to allow it to sweep onward in the van of the march of nations and of empires, as our great principles, triumphant here, are even now impressing the monarchs of the Old World with the doctrine that throughout this globe the people must rule. It is to make American citizenship as potent in Texas as in the city of New York. It is to make its shield as powerful in South Carolina as it is in Indiana. It is to make free speech as honored and respected in Alabama as it is to-day in any portion of New England. Nor is that all. It is to teach those who are clothed with the solemn trusts of representing this great realm of freemen who rule here, not by Divine right, but by free institutions, that when those gentlemen, speaking for us at the bar of any civilized nation of the world, that they shall not, on the one hand, disgrace us by boastful gasconade, or on the other, dishonor us by bowing the knee. And then, when, with that self-reliant, that calm, that dignified American nationality, we command the respect to which our great resources, our unequalled trials—which we have survived so gloriously and auspiciously—entitle us, then we need not go into the markets of the world to offer gold and silver to induce those of the islands of the sea and of adjacent States and provinces to cast in their lot with us, and to share our future. I feel ashamed, as an American, when I hear of offering to buy soil, and sovereignty, men and women and children, with gold and silver from our National Treasury, to share with us in the magnificent future. As you would spurn a bribe, as any fair woman would spurn the husband who had been lured to her side by her wealth, instead of her heart, so we, as Americans, should elevate our nationality so as to win those who are near to us in territorial contiguity, to cast in their lot with us, and when voluntarily and untaught they ask to share with us in our destinies and our magnificent future, we should then welcome them into this enclosing fold of American citizenship. Doing this, we shall respect the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers. Doing this, we shall respect our own honor and the nationality of which we are so justly proud. Do this, and our great republic takes that place to which God, in His providence, as it seems to me, in these large years so unequivocally calls us."

### REDUCTION IN PRICE.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Almanac for  
1869,

64 pages, price 30 cents, formerly 50 cents, with 4 beautiful chromo-lithographic pictures, superbly colored, and fully equal to oil paintings. These have been selected from the most popular works of Louis Lang, and other celebrated painters; besides 60 beautiful engravings, and 64 pages of interesting reading matter.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 9, 1869.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

### Preliminary Notice.

With the advent of the new year we shall commence the publication of a journal, to be entitled,

### "THE NEW WORLD."

We intend making our new paper a model of its kind, founded upon our long experience of what the public require.

For a more extended notice of the design of our new journal see advertisement on page 270.

### Money, and the Currency Doctors.

THERE is a fashion in politics as well as in literature and art, and the fashion in politics just now is finance. Nearly every man in the country of any eminence has pronounced an authoritative opinion as to the proper method of healing our financial troubles, present and future, while from the depths of obscurity comes a clamor of voices, each one urging its own particular remedy as an infallible cure. It is singular to note how hardly any two of these proposed plans agree, but, on the contrary, are usually destructive of each other. Even the poor moribund President cannot resist the temptation of having a plan of his own on this as well as the other topics. From Sumner down to Butler, each member of Congress has his own pet theory, or if any one holds his opinion in suspense, some "Washington correspondent" is sure to ferret him out, and report a confidential conversation, real or imaginary, which, in its very terms, is the grossest breach of confidence. The newspapers share in the strife, and the old adage of "many men, many minds" was never more forcibly illustrated than in the discordant views which the leading organs of public opinion hold forth. One would really think that there were no true principles for this branch of political economy to rest upon, that it was a mere matter of guess-work, or, at best, of expediency, or if the principles were understood, there existed some supposed good reason for not applying them.

For our own part, we have no plan or theory to present, at least in the present state of the

public mind. We think it more desirable to recur at intervals to the great principles which underlie the science of finance, and keeping fast hold of these, bring to their test the various schemes which are daily thrust upon the public. We have no desire to be mere censors of our neighbors, but when we witness the multitude of crude and half-digested fancies which are constantly paraded as "plans for restoring specie payment," we respectfully decline to join the throng of currency-mongers. If we must discuss the subject, we think it more profitable for our readers that we go back to the very alphabet of the matter, and fortify ourselves against modern heresies by looking steadfastly at the foundations of our belief.

The subject is money—what is money? The answer is, that it is a representative of something else—and used instead of that something else, because it is more commodious to exchange it than that which it represents. The moment we quit a state of pure barter, we arrive at the use of money as representing a value, and as having no value beyond what it represents. The intricacies of the modern forms of commerce have given rise to various kinds of money; and speaking strictly, we suppose that bills receivable, and bank-checks, come as legitimately under the head of money as specie or bank-notes. It will be observed that the tendency of modern finance is toward economy in the use of money. Thus, checks on banks save merchants the necessity of hoarding a large number of notes in their safes; and again, the system of the clearing-house saves the banks the necessity of keeping a large number of notes with which to make their daily exchanges. It is impossible to calculate how far the modern system of rapid communication by railroads has lessened the large volume of money which would have been necessary in making exchanges; nor how far in the not distant future the use of the telegraph will still further abridge it.

It is necessary further to observe, that many forms of money are only substitutes for others, adopted because of their capability of condensation, and greater facility of transportation. As we have said, checks represent specie or bank-notes: and going still further, bank-notes are the representatives of specie.

For the purposes of this article, we may restrict the use of the word Money to specie and bank-notes, bearing in mind that it has a wider significance whenever we choose to extend it.

By the common consent of the civilized world, gold has been established as the common standard of values; and, as nearly everybody knows, the small difference of value which exists between the gold coinage of different nations will probably disappear within a short time.

But while, as a fixed standard, gold possessed advantages which no other substance or material could claim, it was found in practice to be cumbersome and unwieldy for purposes of commerce. Hence arose the use of bank-notes representing specie; and so long as these are convertible on demand into specie, there seems no reason to object to their employment. Here, however, two questions arise: What security ought the public to have for the convertibility of the bank-notes, and what is the proper proportion of notes to specie the banks ought to issue? We have no design to answer these questions, which lie apart from our main subject, further than to remark that the first involves the consideration of the true powers of Government, and whether it ought to interfere with free banking. The second is more a matter of expediency than of theory, and may differ in different countries with complete safety to the public. Senator Morton, in his late speech, asserts that in this country the convertibility of the bank-note is secured when the issue is to specie as three to one.

That amount of currency of both kinds—that is, specie and convertible bank-notes—a country ought to possess, is a question of the greatest intricacy, and one quite beyond the power of Government to control. From what we have said of the origin of money, it is obvious that the currency of any given country must grow with the growth of its trade: if there were no interchange of commodities internally or externally, the smallest dribblet of currency would be sufficient: if, on the other hand, trade were brisk, that is, the interchange of commodities went on briskly, more currency would be required, and would flow toward it with increasing volume, and in process of time methods would be adopted for economizing its use.

In further consideration of this subject, we shall have to consider the effect of the modern increased gold production on the currency of the world, gold, as we have said, being the basis of that circulation; and afterward to show the effect of cutting loose, by arbitrary authority, the bank-note issues from any relation to a specie basis.

The idea of the trade of a country growing up to an arbitrarily fixed volume of currency, is, if what we have already said be correct, an unsound doctrine. The modern tendency is to make less money do more work,

### Madagascar.

It is unfortunate for the glory of the lesser luminaries of the diplomatic world that their rays should beam upon the American people just at the time when we are dazzled by the unwonted splendor of the great lights of our system. If the mild effulgence of Mr. Seward had not been displayed in the Alaska purchase; if Mr. Burlingame with his Chinese Treaty had not just startled us with such brilliant coruscations, that we were fairly agape with wonder and delight; if Reverdy Johnson, by his erratic course, had not drawn public attention to what should have been a career of undimmed radiance, but which proved to be only a short-lived and deceptive illumination—if these great lights had not filled the diplomatic firmament, it is quite possible that the steady twinkle of our Consul in Madagascar would not have been neglected by the public in the way it has been. We may condole with Mr. Finkelman for the eclipse he has suffered, and propose to do our best, by way of amends for the national injustice he has suffered, to bring before the public the most prominent parts of the remarkable Treaty he has made with the Queen of Madagascar, Rasoerina-Manjaka.

We presume that most of our readers know that Madagascar is an island of considerable extent on the eastern coast of Africa; but any one may be pardoned for being ignorant of what constitutes its commercial importance to the world, or to the United States, since it does not seem to have any. Even Mr. Delmar, so far as we can find, returns no exports and imports to or from that favored land, and we believe that, in fact, its ports are chiefly used as depots for provisioning whalers, and ships on passage to India; and there may be, besides, for aught we know, an active trade between it and ports on the mainland. It has, however, always been a favorite field for missionary enterprise, possibly because the absence of commercial openings kept away the crowds of European traders who are generally alleged, by the missionaries, to be great hindrances to their success. The natives have not always been able to view matters in the same light as their would-be teachers, and, in years gone by, have occasionally put them to death, varying the monotony of simple slaughter by the exciting pleasure of eating them. But we are not able positively to state whether any of our citizens have ever been exposed to these drawbacks to the delight of a prolonged residence in Madagascar.

The great charm in this new Treaty concluded by Mr. Finkelman is the equality it establishes between the rights conceded to us, and those conceded by us to the Madagascan. Thus, Article Second provides: "The dominions of each contracting party, as well as the right of domicile of their inhabitants, are sacred, and no forcible possession of territory shall ever take place in either of them by the other party." It is certainly very consoling to know that, by this valuable Treaty, the integrity of our dominions is secured against the possible hostility of Rasoerina-Manjaka.

Another clause of the same article is: "Citizens of the United States of America shall, while in Madagascar (*sic*), enjoy the privilege of free and unmolested exercise of the Christian religion and its customs;" and, as the concluding sentence is, "The subjects of her Majesty the Queen of Madagascar shall enjoy the same privileges in the United States of America," it may be presumed that any Madagascan may claim by this Treaty the right to worship idols while he resides here, even if he be not also protected in the indulgence of a possible lurking propensity to cannibalism.

By Article Four, each party may appoint consuls to reside in the dominions of each other, "who shall enjoy all the privileges granted to consuls of the most favored nations, to be witness of the good relationship existing between both nations, and to regulate and protect commerce." We confess our inability to understand the meaning of this word "witness" as used here. It seems to be a new function, as it is also a novel employment for a consul, to regulate commerce, especially when none exists. Perhaps, in imitation of Mr. Burlingame, Mr. S. P. Finkelman will be the first Madagascan consul to the United States, and if so, he is quite right to secure some employment for his leisure hours, even if it be only the sinecure position of a "witness."

Want of space forbids our making the comments we had intended upon the remaining articles of this Treaty. It is some satisfaction, at least, to perceive that Mr. Seward has no intentions of purchasing the island. Yet, next to the annoyance every one must feel at seeing the proceeds of our burdensome taxation devoted to paying for useless and valueless territory, is the annoyance of being made ridiculous. Between civilized nations, treaties have some binding force, but when their solemnities are extended to semi-barbarous tribes, who may be excused if they know no law but that of the strongest, they become

purely farcical, degrading to ourselves, and in no respect elevating to those whom for the moment we choose to treat as equals.

### What Rum Costs!

The New York Tribune recently presented a most astounding statement, the accuracy of which we have no convenient means of testing, but which we assume—especially since we have seen no contradiction of its figures—to be correct. The Tribune alleges that "Rum" taxes the country every year an amount exceeding the whole principal of the national debt. It quotes the authority of the Commissioner of the Revenue, Mr. Wells, that the official and sworn returns of the retail liquor dealers of the United States show that the value of the liquors sold by them over the counter was, last year, \$1,483,491,865. It announces that these returns fall short of the fact, as they naturally would be supposed to do, and also that in making the amount of liquor sold, \$750,000,000 worth of grains, potatoes, grapes, hops, labor, etc., were consumed, that is to say, that the value of these articles was deducted from the sum total of the industry of the country, making grain, which would otherwise have been converted into bread, dearer, etc. "Adding the value of the food products and labor which are withdrawn from all useful channels and practically destroyed in the manufacture of spirituous liquors, we find the total destruction of values amounts to \$2,250,000,000 per year, or considerably more than the interest-bearing portion of the national debt." And to all this we must still add the loss to the labor, health, and industry of the people which results from the use of alcoholic drinks!

The Tribune estimates merely the time wasted in intoxication, and the destruction of property resulting from the carelessness and crimes of intoxicated persons at \$300,000,000 per annum. And it concludes thus: "This brings our annual taxation for 'Free Rum' up to \$2,550,000,000, or considerably more than the entire principal of the national debt. In other words, if there were no spirituous liquors drunk in the United States, the people would save enough thereby to pay off the entire national debt within one year. The people of Great Britain, France, Prussia, Austria, and Russia could do the same with their respective debts."

### Abuse of Quotations.

Our learned contemporary, the New York Times, is responsible for the following:

"While the people of the United States share in many of the objections against a paper system which Mr. McCulloch presents, they do not run violently into the idolatry which St. Paul condemned in those who thought that 'the Godhead is like unto gold or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device.'"

The aptness of the quotation is not very apparent, and the mode of its application is somewhat involved. Had St. Paul written that the Godhead was like unto paper, engraved by art and man's device, it is very evident that, though he might well have condemned such idolatry, the Times would not have agreed with him, or, at all events, not have quoted his disapproval. Does the Times mean that it is "idolatry," either "violent" or "moderate," for people to prefer a metallic coinage to paper stamps? Or that the people are inclined to ascribe Divine honors to our gold and silver coinage? And if it has no such meaning, why does it try to drag St. Paul into an argument on the currency, because in writing on a totally different subject he happens to use the cabalistic words "gold and silver"?

### Matters and Things.

Mr. HOWARD PAUL, who is now in Paris, has offered M. Offenbach \$5,000 to write the music to a sequel to the "Grand Duchess," under the title of "The Grand Duchess more Married than Settled," and M. Offenbach has the proposal under consideration. Mr. Paul's suggestion is that the vivacious duchess should marry Prince Paul and henpeck him; that a blacksmith should be sent for to put straight the twisted *sabre de mon père*, and that a legend of the celebrated sabre should be given. The libretto to be furnished by two English authors.—An American Club has been successfully established in Dresden, forty members having already subscribed. Dresden is one of the most charming cities in Northern Europe, and Americans have the wisdom while residing there to lose no means of making themselves comfortable.—An extremely curious plant called the *Hia-ta-tom-ohm* exists in China. The name of this singular plant means that during summer it is a vegetable, but that in winter it becomes a worm. If it is observed closely at the latter end of September nothing simulates better to the eye a yellow worm about four inches in length. The apparent transformation takes place gradually, and one can see head, eyes, body, etc., in course of formation. This plant is extremely rare; it is to be met with in Thibet, and in the Emperor's gardens at Pekin, where it is reserved for medicinal purposes. The Chinese savans say it is a capital strengthening medicine. Attempts are making to acclimate it in South Africa.—Brigham Young is issuing currency in Utah generally resembling the national greenback. There is said to be a great deal of it in circulation, and the Mormon President finds his banking operations very profitable.—The manufacture of textile fabrics has acquired an extror-

dinary development in Europe, and the following gives the exact annual production of each country: England, \$90,000,000; France, \$600,000,000; Austria, \$210,000,000; Russia, \$228,000,000; Prussia, \$160,000,000; Italy, \$74,000,000; Belgium, \$61,000,000; Switzerland, \$54,000,000; and Spain, \$20,000,000. Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland and Portugal produce conjointly about the annual value of \$24,000,000. France produces the annual value of \$130,000,000 in silk and exports \$66,000,000, while England only manufactures for the value of \$65,000,000, and exports but \$7,000,000 in gold.—The report of the census taken in the North German States in December, 1867, just published, show a total of 29,857,421 inhabitants (24,043,296 of them in Prussia), who occupy 7,463 German or 157,925 American square miles. The South German States, together with Luxembourg, according to the census taken in 1867, contained 8,610,000, and the German part of Austria at the census recently taken there contained 7,890,000 inhabitants. The population of all Germany, therefore, consists of over 46,500,000 inhabitants. The German Customs Union contains 33,395,000 inhabitants. The population in 1866 was 38,067,094 souls.—

"The exhibition of ferocity on the part of the stay-at-home writers for the Confederate newspapers during Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania," says Mr. Lossing, in his last volume of the "History of the War," "was sometimes sickening, but more often amusing. One of these, in the Richmond *Whig* of July 2d, having heard that Lee was in Harrisburg, expressed a hope that he would set fire to all the anthracite coal mines in Pennsylvania. He did not doubt Lee would do it, if opportunity offered, and thereby all the coal would be 'reduced to ashes!' All that is needed," said the writer, "is to seize the anthracite fields, destroy the roads and the machinery of the pits, set fire to the mines, and leave them. Northern industry will then be paralyzed at a single blow!"—The Young Men's Christian Association, which has just closed its session in St. Louis, discussed the question, "Why do so many Churches fail to reach the poor?" We observe by the report of their proceedings that they came to the conclusion that it was "because the poor, being naturally proud and sensitive on account of their poverty, misunderstand the Churches and do not believe that they are welcome," and also because "the pastors, officers, and members are too selfish in the enjoyment of their religion, and have too little love for souls." They also came to the conclusion "that the only remedy for the evil is, first, to build plainer churches, and invite the poor cordially to them, proving the sincerity of this invitation and making it consistent by abolishing the system of pow-renting; second, to seek out the poor and carry the Gospel to them."

An English paper quotes the following passage from a daily paper of our own:

"A passenger in one of the Greenpoint cars, yesterday, presented a \$5 bill in payment of his fare, but the conductor objected to changing it, and after intimating pretty plainly that the bill had been presented for the purpose of evading payment entirely, ordered the passenger to leave the car. This gentleman refused to do, when the conductor attempted to eject him by force. Further than the breaking of a window or two, and the frightening of half a dozen ladies, no damage resulted from this extraordinary conduct on the part of the conductor."

On this it remarks:

"If this had occurred in England, the conductor would have been thrust out of the window, not by the individual, but by the men present, who would have resented his conduct as an attack on society."

A LONDON correspondent writes:

"It is the fashion now among English journalists to pet America and the Americans in words, although I believe that this is merely a cloak to cover up the chicanery now in progress in regard to the Alabama claims, about the settlement of which you may expect to hear some very important news shortly."

It is probably known to most of our readers that the British Government has taken steps to put the telegraphic system of the Empire under the control of the Post Office Department. An act, passed the 1st of last July, enables the Postmaster-General to "acquire, work, and maintain electric telegraphs." He is authorized to buy lines at twenty years' purchase of the net profits during the year ending June 30, 1868, differences of opinion to be settled by arbitration; and he is to make regulations, with the consent of the Commissioners of the Treasury, with reference to office hours and rates of messages, and the general conduct of the telegraphic business—subject, however, to the fundamental conditions that the rates shall be uniform, not exceeding one shilling (twenty-four cents) for the first twenty words of each message, and not exceeding six cents for each additional five words; that there shall be no extra charge for delivery by special foot-messenger within one mile of the terminal office, or within the limit of the town postal delivery; that beyond that distance the delivery shall be made by special foot-messenger when desired, and the charge of delivery shall not exceed twelve cents per double mile beyond such limits; and that when such special delivery is not desired, the message shall be delivered free of extra charge by the ordinary postal delivery. He is also empowered to contract with newspapers, news-rooms, clubs, or other similar bodies, for sending dispatches at rates not exceeding twenty-four cents for every four hundred words transmitted between 6 P. M. and 9 A. M., and twenty-four cents for every seventy-five words transmitted between 9 A. M. and 6 P. M., to a single address, with four cents extra to every additional address. "The Postmaster-General may also let to such party the special use of a wire, during such period of twelve hours a day as may be agreed on, at a rate not exceeding \$2,500 a year. He may also permit messages to be deposited in all post-offices or pillar letter-boxes, and such messages shall be transmitted without extra charge. All messages to be prefaced by stamp or written on stamped paper.

M. LOUIS BLANC, the celebrated French republican refugee, resident in London, publishes a paper in *Lippincott's Magazine*, in which he taunts England for having been made the instrument in Napoleon's hands of building up his despotism. Referring to the Russian war, which the Emperor terminated in his own interest, and without regard to Great Britain, he says truly:

"The abrupt termination Napoleon gave to the war was obviously at variance with her interests and contrary to her wishes; still she was tamed into compliance. The treaty of alliance signed on the 10th of April, 1854, led to the famous declaration of the 31 of March, 1856, which entailed upon her the loss of her maritime supremacy, compelling her to surrender the right of search. So little was the influence of the Russians shaken in the East by the fall of Sebastopol, that

It is estimated that there will be a quarter of a million of people in London this winter, each day, without food or shelter, except such as may

be afforded by public relief or private charity. The papers bring us a typical account of suffering in the great metropolis, in the case of one Bridges, who died in the second week of November. He was a willow-cutter, and had been badly off for some time. He, his wife, and three children, earned between them about one dollar and a half a week, which, after deducting half a dollar for the rent of their room, is as nearly as possible two cents a day for the food, firing, and clothing of each person. On a certain Monday evening Bridges came home, after working all day in an open yard. He threw the twelve cents he had earned on the table, and said to his wife, "I am dying through weakness. What I have suffered this day no one knows. I have been shivering with cold. My heart pains me." His wife pressed him to go to the workhouse, but he refused, on the ground that they had denied him relief there the previous winter. How the family spent the week is not stated, but on Saturday the wife did go to the workhouse, where she saw some one who told her to send her husband. Bridges then walked there himself, but only to find their doors closed. He went home, and lay on the floor, with his wife and children, until the middle of Sunday. Then the eldest boy went out and borrowed six cents from another boy, with which he bought a pound of bread and a little tea. Apparently the wife had tried the workhouse again on Monday, for on that day the relieving officer gave Bridges a doctor's order, and sent his assistant to see the family. He reported that they were in great poverty, and gave them two pounds of mutton, a loaf of bread, and a quart of milk. On Tuesday, Bridges died. His last words were: "I have been walking about in search of work for three days. I have had no food day or night except half a one cent loaf and a little cold water." The coroner's jury debated for some time whether to censure the family for not going to the workhouse sooner, or the workhouse authorities for sending the wife away when she first applied. Ultimately they returned the simple verdict, "Died from want and privation."

they have since entirely subdued Circassia, and laid by the conquest of the Caucasus, the foundation of their sway over Persia, thus bringing nearer the day on which they will dispute the possession of India with the English. So little was the influence of England in Europe increased by her share in the victories of the Alma and Inkermann, that when she thought fit to raise her voice in favor of Poland, Prince Gortchakoff shook at her the finger of scorn; and when she presumed to deprecate the invasion of Schleswig-Holstein, her indignant protests were scouted by Von Bismarck."

#### THE HOLIDAY WEEK.

The Opera Bouffe is still in the ascendant, at Pike's Opera House. In addition to "Les Bavarde," with Tosie, we have had "Le Chansons de Fortune," with Irma—sparkling little operetta, and an equally sparkling singer, who have made the best hit of Mr. Bateman's most successful season. H. S. rival—Mr. Grau, with corresponding fortune, is still drawing the crowds of "young New York" to the French Theatre, for "Genevieve de Brabant," with his capital company—i.e., when he does not make a flying trip to the Academy of Music in Irving Place, or the Academy of Music in Brooklyn.

In the meantime, each manager underlines a novelty. Baron Grau is to give us Horve's "Lois Creve," and Papa Bateman "La Peichole," Offenbach's last work. Although, when we are to have either of them, might be difficult to say, if such houses as those we have recently seen are to continue rendering their treasures, plethoric.

Lester Wallack continues to fill his own theatre nightly with the fine old comedies and his admirable company.

"Blue Beard" rakes in the Greenbacks nightly, at the New York Theatre, for the Worrell Sisters.

The longest lived theatrical bantling of the day—"Humpty-Dumpty"—shows no sign of decrepitude yet.

"At Niblo's, "After Dark" continues on the bills and in the advertisements. Not because Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer are too much occupied with Tammany to think of novelty, but because it pays them liberally to preserve its attraction.

"The Emerald Ring" is coining cash for Burney Williams at the Broadway Theatre, and legitimately so, as one of the very best dramas John Brougham has ever written. Irish, possibly, but none the less deeply interesting, because it is well spread with Irish humor.

At the New York Circus a new Pantomime, "Blue Beard, à la Turque Francaise," is delighting the juveniles.

Wood gave us "Ixion" up to last Saturday. It has been replaced, or will, this week, be replaced by another Burlesque.

The Park Theatre, Brooklyn, has offered us "Aladdin." On Christmas Night Handel's Oratorio of the "Messiah" was offered us at Steinway Hall.

The X-mas Festivities continue at the Central Park Garden.

Dan Bryant and Nelse Seymour give a comical version of the celebrated comic Dao in "Genevieve de Brabant"—"No! de Bryant." What is it?

Lingard's "Opera Comique" relished, is promised to us with the New Year; and—

Tammany is to open. This, alone, would seem to be the proof that theatrical management thinks any novelty necessary for the season. And why, indeed, should it do so? When the pieces which have been acted, still fill the theatres, when every night a new string of visitors complete the gaudy of attendants in front of the box office, waiting for the tail-piece bits of paper or cardboard which are to open fairy-land to them, for a few brief hours, what reason can there be for changing or increasing the attractions which decorate their Posters, and whose numberless features are rehearsed upon their house-bills. Let the gaud begin to depile, and the treasury commence to fail, we shall soon enough have change. Until then let us resign ourselves to the public will, and admit that what it chooses, we are also bound to submit to.

#### ART GOSSIP.

The artists of the Studios at 51 West Tenth street, 212 Fifth avenue, and 1,267 Broadway, receive visitors now on Saturday afternoons, and will continue to do so until the end of March.

Mr. Oregon Wilson, a young artist, who has studied in France, and traveled much throughout some of the least frequented portions of this continent, is now at work on a large canvas. The subject of his picture is a touching episode of the late war. A cavalry officer has been wounded almost to death, and thrown from his horse on a battlefield. To him there comes a lady-nurse, who, kneeling by him, supports his head all through the weary night; for the surgeon has said that the slightest change of position, for an instant, and the patient must die. It is a true story, and a romantic one, and the painter has ably laid it out on his canvas. The figures are life-size, and the time chosen by the artist is the dawn of morning, in the pale light of which the "ministering angel" is seen watching faithfully by her charge. We shall have more to say about this picture by-and-by.

The striking scenery of Minnesota, and Longfellow's charming poem of "Hiawatha," have furnished Mr. Jerome Thompson with a subject for a large picture, which promises well, and to which we shall revert after it shall have been finished.

A number of what are known as the "Ruggles Poems," selected from the private collection of pictures and sketches by the late Dr. Ruggles, in the possession of his widow, were sold at auction by Messrs. Leeds & Miner, at their art gallery, 817 Broadway, on the evening of Wednesday, December 23d. With one or two exceptions, the best productions among these were the pencil drawings, most of which were on a very small scale, but executed with much delicacy of touch, and a genuine feeling for the picturesque.

The ninth annual sale of the pictures contributed for the benefit of the Artists' Fund came off on the evening of Tuesday, December 22d, at the gallery of Messrs. Miner & Barker, 845 Broadway. The catalogue announced eighty-four works of art, many of which reflected much credit on the artists by whom they were contributed.

Among those by which visitors were especially attracted, the following may be mentioned:

"Our Father, Who Art in Heaven," is a charming little genre subject by Mr. Eastman Johnson, representing a child kneeling in prayer by his bedside.

"Spinning a Yarn," by Mr. A. W. Warren, represents the interior of an humble dwelling, with a young man narrating his adventures to a girl engaged at a spinning-wheel. The treatment of this subject is simple, and it is pleasing for sober color and quiet tone.

In "Me and My Dog," by Mr. Alfred Jones, there is much excellence. The quaint expression of the little girl is very happily rendered, as is, also, the sober, sagacious visage of her canine friend.

Mr. Louis Lang contributed a quaint little picture, called "Musical Inspiration," the subject of which is a servant-girl of the "Marchioness" type, who has laid aside her duster, and is trying her skill at the keys of the piano.

A "Landscape," by Mrs. Greatorox, is characterized by much of the rich color and free touch of that clever artist.

Very pleasant, in its fresh, gray tints, is a "Sunny Day at Lake George," from the pencil of Mr. E. W. Hubbard.

Mr. J. M. Falconer contributed two small pictures of old buildings—subjects such as Pout might have selected, and which have been treated with a feeling akin to his by the artist.

"Buck Mountain, Lake George," is a strong picture from the hand of Mr. J. B. Bristol, with a well-painted sky, though we like better the same artist's "Egremont Plains."

Two landscapes, "Autumn Landscape," and "Beverly Coast," were much admired for their qualities of color and feeling.

Mr. Darley contributed one of his characteristic drawings, representing hunters watching for a shot at a moose swimming across a river.

"The Young Mother," by Mr. Eastman Johnson, is a pleasing picture of youthful maternity; but not so strong either in sentiment or execution as his other contribution, already referred to.

Mr. Whitredge contributed two landscapes which are fair examples of his manner—"Twilight in the Shawangunk Mountains" and "Sunday Morning."

Want of space prevents us from noticing many other pictures in the collection which really possess much merit. Several small character statuettes in terra cotta, by Mr. C. Muller, were much admired for their excellence of expression and design.

#### Letter from Paris—Funeral of Baron James Rothschild.

PARIS has been in a strange, sad excitement this week. On Wednesday took place the funeral of Baron James de Rothschild; but the arrangements were extremely simple, according to the wishes of the baron: the grandeur lay in the vast crowds that pressed into Rue Lafitte, lined the boulevards, and filled the balconies, windows, and roofs on the passage of the *cortege*. At eight o'clock in the morning the Jewish custom of nailing of the coffin-lid by members of the family was performed, and the three sons then descended to the lower rooms for the *réception de condoléance*. Five saloons were thrown open, and in one hour all the nobilities of the Israélite population of Paris—of all Paris traversed them to press the hands of Messieurs Alphonse, Gustave, and Edmond Rothschild. While these visitors were pouring from the crowded street and through the courtyard, already filled with insatiable, the poor were collecting thickly round the doors of the banking-house, which stands next to Rothschild's private residence, and where 40,000 francs (some say 300,000) were distributed to them. The scene in the Rue Lafitte was a memorable one. At last the procession made its way from the mourning-house; after the hearse walked the men-servants, about forty in number. The concierge of the private house, left in charge of his *logement*, was the only man of the whole household who was not in the procession, and he bewailed his fate loudly. "To think," said he, "that I, of all the poor baron's servants, should be the only one who does not follow my master to his grave!" A few paces behind came the banker's sons, and the representatives of the London house, who had arrived the night before; then the friends, relatives, deputations of the Israélite schools, the members of all the charitable institutions in which the name of Rothschild will be long remembered, five hundred men employed at the Northern Railway, all the personnel of the bank; and finally, in the rear of a few plain mourning-coaches, more than one hundred carriages closed the procession, which must have stretched for a mile and half. The King of Spain and his son, the little Prince of Asturias, were in the *cortege*. None of the decorations of M. Rothschild were carried. Before the closed gates of the Israélite burial-ground in Père Lachaise waited the Rabbi, the Israélite priests in their black robes, the Levites dressed in blue, and the committees of the hospital and asylum founded by Rothschild. The coffin was placed at the entrance of the cemetery, and there M. Cohen, President of the Israélite Relief Fund, traced, in very earnest terms, the life of J. co. Rothschild, from his birth in the narrow Jews' alley at Frankfort until this last day, when the regrets of a whole population followed him to the grave.

When the Rabbi had spoken, the Jewish Liturgy was chanted, and the body was carried to the threshold of the family vault. Here an immense wreath of natural flowers was laid upon the pall, and, in the name of the Israélites of the whole world, a crown of immortelles. The usual prayers were repeated by the sons, their faces turned toward the East, and the coffin was then placed in the vault. The tomb of the Rothschilds stands next to that of Madame Rachel. It is in the form of a chapel. In the interior, on the slab of the vault, is a stand of rare flowers; in a corner is a low chair for the visitor who comes to meditate there; and draperies are arranged to soften the light. In the vault has now been laid the last of the five sons of Meyer Rothschild, of whom Nathan, head of the London house, and considered the head of the family, died in '66, and Charles, who held the Naples bank, Solomon, that of Vienna, and Anselm, the old Frankfort house, in the year '66.

Baron de Rothschild's *hôtel* in the Rue Lafitte is a wonder. The riches amassed in it are marvelous; everything is curious and beautiful, no less the furniture and ornaments of modern workmanship—each unique in form, the models having been destroyed when the objects were delivered—than the "great masters" on the walls, and the objects of art which adorn the consoles and cabinets.

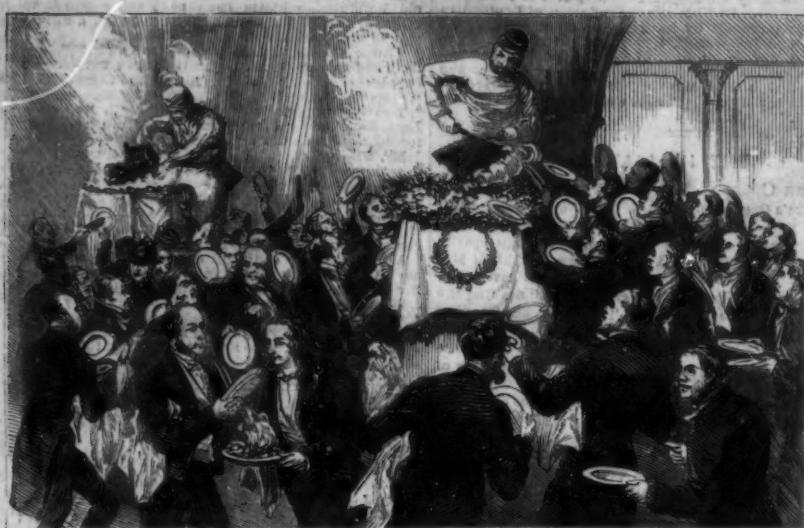
James Rothschild married the daughter of his brother Solomon, all the Rothschilds marrying amongst themselves, with one exception, in the case of his second son, Gustave, whose wife was a Mademoiselle Ansprech. It is said that Baron Rothschild lived for money, but he also lived to be called the *père des pauvres*; his immense riches went out continuously to the poor in every form of help and succor. The mayor of one of the arrondissements of Paris told me yesterday that, as one of his charities, Rothschild gave annually 800,000 pounds of bread (nearly 2,000 pounds a day) to the poor of Paris. The Baronne has announced that all his charities will be continued as during his lifetime. On the day of the funeral, besides the gold given at the door, 41,000 francs were given to the twenty mœurs of Paris for their poor.

#### "COURAGE AND DESPAIR."

At the threshold of the New Year we might give a more cheerful picture than that which coldly greets our friendly public on our front page. We might reveal the comfort and luxury of the rich man's home; we might show an episode of the fashionable world in the excitement and extravagance of costly festivities. But as a lesson and an appeal to human nature, better the dreary sentiment exhibited in our frontispiece than all the gaud and glitter of holiday enjoyment. Perhaps thousands of those that will gaze upon this picture have never seen, or, seeing, have not cared to think upon, the reality that is represented in the engraving.

Still, it is worth the philosopher's while to study the intensity of character that is often demonstrated in a metropolitan newsboy. The well-to-do citizen, muffled in furs and heavy cloths, hurries by in the cold, wintry evening, impatient for his comfortable fireside, and hardly notices the little hero, who, thinly clad, with numb hands and chilled limbs, braves the pitiless storm to earn the small profits of his calling. In that wretched resolute persistence, in spite of dreary snow and piercing cold, is displayed as much true courage as that of the warrior on the battlefield, and in his companion's conquered spirit is exhibited, perhaps, a despair more terrible than any fortunate being can conceive.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 261.



OPENING OF THE NEW METROPOLITAN MEAT MARKET, SMITHFIELD, LONDON—CARVING THE BARON OF BEEF.



THE FRENCH COURT AT COMPIEGNE—PRESENTATION OF FLOWERS TO THE EMPRESS ON HER SAINT'S DAY.



OPENING OF THE NEW METROPOLITAN MEAT MARKET, SMITHFIELD, LONDON—THE BANQUET.



LIGHTHOUSE HILL, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.



THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN—DEMOCRATIC DEMONSTRATION IN FAVOR OF A MONARCHY BEFORE THE PRESIDENT'S PALACE, MADRID.



THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN—PEOPLE READING A PROCLAMATION IN THE PUERTA DEL SOL, MADRID.



THE BISHOP OF CALCUTTA ARRIVING AT SRINAGAR, THE CAPITAL OF CASHMERE.



THE HUNTING SEASON IN ENGLAND—MEET OF HER MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS AT SHOTTERBROOK FARM.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE  
ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN  
PRESS.Opening of the New Metro-  
politan Meat Market,  
Smithfield.

The new Metropolitan Meat and Poultry Market, at Smithfield, was opened to the public on Tuesday, November 24th, with a grand banquet, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. At precisely two o'clock, the President, accompanied by the aldermen and sheriffs, entered the building, and were conducted to the high table, the guests rising in honor of his lordship. High on each side of the upper table were posted two carvers, one of whom commenced operations on a huge baron of beef, and the other on a boar's head of great size. Other carvers did like duty elsewhere, and the abundance of viands on the tables rapidly disappeared before the vast company of breeders of stock, salesmen, and others interested in the success of the new enterprise. The Queen, members of the royal family, metropolitan officials, and the managers of the New Market, were honored with toasts and generous responses.

## The Revolution in Spain.

The large open space called the Puerta del Sol, at the junction of four of the principal streets of Madrid, is now the favorite place of rendezvous for all persons who wish to express their opinions on the present state of affairs. And here are daily to be witnessed scenes not unlike those about our Stock Exchange and large banking-houses. There is the usual crowd of loungers, peddlers and beggars; while here and there are dabblers in stock-jobbing business, moneyed men, restless adventurers, and the omnipresent newsboy, all finding a convenient place to read and discuss the proclamations of the provisional government. A gathering of people in favor of re-establishing the monarchy—not, of course, in the person of any Bourbon prince or princess, but in that of some trustworthy and unobjectionable candidate—took place on Sunday, November 13th, in front of the palace lately vacated by Isabella II. After listening to a few eloquent speeches, they formed a procession, and with music and flying banners, marched to the official residence of the President of the Council of Ministers, where the various Ministers were called upon for an expression of their views on the project. Answering the call of the assemblage, the officials spoke from the upper windows of the palace, their eloquence giving apparent satisfaction, and eliciting frequent and loud acclamations.

Lighthouse Hill, Cape of  
Good Hope.

Lighthouse Hill, a bold promontory rising nearly one thousand feet above the level of the sea, at the Cape of Good Hope, Africa, is, for boldness of outline, and as a landmark to mariners, unequalled by any other collection of rocks. The massive stones of which it is composed appear to be fastened together by a luxuriant growth of evergreen plants. The hill presents a perpendicular cliff to the sea, beyond which can be seen the outlines of the Hottentots' Holland range, which forms the eastern boundary of Table Bay.

HON. JOHN K. HACKETT, RECORDER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. B. BRADY.

the neighborhood waited on the Empress Eugenie on her Saint's day—the day of her *file*—and presented her with bouquets of choice flowers. The scene of this graceful tribute is represented in our engraving.

The Hunting Season in England—Meet of  
Her Majesty's Staghounds at Shotter-  
brook Farm.

The meet of the Royal Buckhounds was held on Friday, November 27th, at Shotterbrook Farm, on the line of the Great Western Railway, three miles from Twyford, England. The hunting-ground were very tastefully laid out, and ample accommodations had been prepared for the comfort of the spectators. A large field was out, composed of the Prince Johnville, Due de Chartres, and a strong squadron of thoroughbred sporting farmers, and the hunt was of the most interesting character, the hounds being managed by Harry King, the worthy successor of the famous huntsman, Charles Davis.

Hon. John K. Hackett, Recorder of the City  
of New York.

RECORDER HACKETT is descended from an old and respectable Long Island family, and is a native of New York city. He is now about forty-five years of age.

He is the son of the distinguished comedian, James H. Hackett, who, although now somewhat advanced in

years, is universally recognized as the best living delineator on the stage of the character of Falstaff.

Of Recorder Hackett's early history we know but little. It is apparent, however, that he received a good education, but whether he is a graduate of a college or not, we are unable to state. He was admitted to the Bar in this city after the usual course of study, and soon thereafter removed to California, where he engaged in the practice of his profession, and remained for several years. He returned to this city, and resumed practice, about 1856.

In the fall of 1861 he was a candidate for the nomination by the Democratic party for Counsel to the Corporation. Although he failed to obtain the nomination, his strength and popularity were so great, that, upon the accession to that office of Mr. Devlin in 1862, Mr. Hackett was retained to take charge as Counsel of many of the most important cases in which the interests of the city were involved. He distinguished himself especially in the trial of the leading cases growing out of the draft riots of 1863, in which the question arose as to the liability of the local authorities for damages sustained by citizens at the hands of the rioters.

On every occasion where he appeared for the city, he was remarkable for his sound judgment as to the conduct of the trial, his perfect calmness and deliberation of manner, and a judicious and effective magnanimity in his procedure, which commanded the respect not only of the jury but of his opponents.

In the spring of 1866 he was appointed by the Super-

visors of the County to fill the vacancy in the office of Recorder, occasioned by the resignation of the Hon. John T. Hoffman, who had been elected Mayor. The office of Recorder is not, as its name would indicate, connected in any way with the recording of deeds or other instruments, but is a purely judicial position, which has been filled in times past by some of the most distinguished men in the State. The Recorder is the presiding Judge of the highest Court in the city, of purely criminal jurisdiction, having equal powers in all such cases as the Supreme Court or Court of Oyer and Terminer.

In the fall of 1866 he was elected to the same position for the term of three years. His conduct since he has been on the Bench has been marked by dignity, courtesy and integrity. Although it has become common of late for the press to assail or criticize the judiciary we cannot remember any instance in which Recorder Hackett's course has been called in question. In the exercise of the high power entrusted to him of fixing the terms of imprisonment of convicted criminals, he has exhibited marked discretion, and although it is apparent that the discharge of that duty is repulsive to his kindly nature, the interests of the public in that respect have never suffered at his hands.

We should fail to make this sketch a photograph of the man if we omitted to mention that Recorder Hackett is one of the best pistol-shots living, and we are informed that his friends have such confidence in his marksmanship, that they are willing to hold pennies in their fingers for him to shoot at.

In every relation of life, as an honorable and well-read lawyer, as an efficient and upright magistrate, as a firm friend, as a pleasant companion, and as an honest man, Recorder Hackett deserves and receives the respect of his friends and the community.

## First Presbyterian Church, Baltimore, Md., Rev. John C. Backus, Pastor.

THE deed from Alexander Lawson to William Smith and others, for the lot on which the First Presbyterian Church of Baltimore was originally built, is dated October 21st, 1765. With the simple structure there erected, the history of the church commences. In 1789 the congregation met to confer and determine on the subject of a new church. Six hundred pounds had been subscribed, and a committee was appointed to carry out the project, viz.: James Calhoun, George Salmon and David Williamson. In 1791 the new church was sufficiently completed for use. In October, 1863, the congregational meeting was held on the subject of removal, and in November, 1864, the plans were adopted of the edifice represented in our engraving, which was opened for worship on the first Sabbath of October, 1869.

The First Presbyterian Church in Baltimore, has been mainly instrumental in founding and colonizing the thirteen Presbyterian churches in that city; and whilst setting an example to other congregations in this important work of church extension, it has been



REV. JOHN C. BACKUS.

no less zealous in promoting the various religious and benevolent enterprises of the day.

The church has now been in existence for more than one hundred years, and during that period has been favored with the superintendence of four distinguished pastors; the present incumbent, the Rev. John C. Backus, having filled the pulpit for thirty-two years of that time. Dr. Backus is the younger brother of the Rev. John Trumbull Backus, of Schenectady, and was born in Connecticut in the year 1811; but his father being engaged in business in Albany, he pursued his studies under the famous educator, the Rev. Dr. Bullock, there, after which, we are informed, he studied for some years at the Columbia College, New York, before entering Yale College, New Haven, where he took his degree; he then entered the Law School, with the view of engaging in his profession; but young Backus had higher aspirations, and under strong conviction of duty, he decided to give up the study of law in order to prepare for the Ministry of the Gospel.

He then entered Princeton College to study Divinity, and was there ordained to the office of the Ministry in 1835; he soon had calls to several churches, but Dr. Nevins, of the First Presbyterian Church of Baltimore, having died, the congregation unanimously elected Dr.



HON. JOHN K. HACKETT, RECORDER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. B. BRADY.

GENERAL JOSE BALTA, PRESIDENT OF PERU.  
SEE PAGE 270.

## The Bishop of Calcutta Arriving at Srinagar, the Capital of Cashmere.

The visit of the Bishop of Calcutta to Cashmere, about two months ago, was attended with some interesting scenes, one of which, his arrival at Srinagar, the capital of Cashmere, is the subject of our illustration. On descending the Baranasi Pass from British India, and reaching the navigable part of the river Jhelum, the bishop found a state barge, with other boats, awaiting his pleasure. In these boats the party proceeded up the river to Srinagar, which is a town of 40,000 inhabitants, where the bishop was received with becoming honors by the Deputy Governor and other officials. Our engraving represents the passage of the boats before the Sheer Ghurree, or palace, of the Maharanah.

The French Court at Compiègne—Pres-  
entation of Flowers to the Empress  
Eugenie.

The sojourn of the Imperial Court at Compiègne is marked by a lavish display and elegance, but at the same time by a relaxation of etiquette in favor of the comfort of the guests. A delegation of the women of



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CORNER OF MADISON AND PARK STREETS, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

Dickins as his successor in the pastorate, which he accepted, and was installed September 18th, 1859, the duties of which he has continued to discharge to this day with great devotion and success.

Dr. Buckus, we are well informed, possesses the warmest affections of his people and his influence during a ministry of more than a quarter of a century—not only in his own denomination, but among the community at large in Baltimore, cannot be too highly estimated, and although for some time threatened with the loss of his eyesight, his devotion to his great mission continues unabated, and his pulpit ministrations, instead of being interrupted thereby, display an increased degree of vigor, eloquence and spirituality in preaching the Gospel; his congregation, in consideration of this affliction, have engaged the Rev. Mr. Jones, son of the late Judge Jones, of Philadelphia, to assist him in his arduous duties.

Mr. Jones is a young man of distinguished ability, and gives sure promise of future usefulness in the Church.

#### LOVE'S CALENDAR.

THE rose in the sunshine, dearest!  
Is whispering sweet to me;  
The fairest things bring nearest  
The memory of thee.

I think of thy voice when thrushes  
Are singing their bridal song,  
And violet round the bushes  
Spread in a purple throng.

I think of thee when May's portal  
(The rainbow arch of heaven)  
Seems like a glimpse to mortal  
Of vanished Eden given.

I think of thee when Death scatters  
The yellow leaves in showers,  
And the frosty rain-drop patters  
In the gray autumnal hours.

I thought of thee, love! when Winter  
Hung crystals on each spray,  
And when the red oak splinter  
Scarred bright grim ghosts away.

I thought of thee when dark treason  
Plotted each wind that blew.  
But why detail each season?—  
I love the whole year through!

#### THE PRUSSIAN TERROR;

OR,

The Adventures of an Amateur Soldier.

BY ALEXANDER DUMAS, SEN.

V.—HOW BENEDICT TURPIN HAD HIS ARRIVAL IN THE CAPITAL OF HIS MAJESTY GEORGE V. ANNOUNCED IN THE "GAZETTE DE HANNOVER."

We have, inhabitants of that Gaul which gave so much trouble to Caesar, a personality so intense and a physiognomy so individual, that if any one meets us far from our country, either on foot or horseback, either in motion or at rest, he who meets us cries out at once, "There is a Frenchman!"

I recollect having, some seven or eight years ago, passed through Manheim, a town where, until five o'clock in the evening, you don't meet a living soul in the streets—I recollect having lost my way, and, while looking for some one of whom I could inquire the road, having noticed a gentleman in a robe-de-chambre, smoking his cigar at a window on the ground-floor of a house.

It was at least two or three hundred paces from the place where I was to the window, which was quite a distance for a man already fatigued. But, having looked around me, and seeing on all sides only a profound solitude, I decided to go and seek my information at the only guide-post which could give it to me. I was on one side of the street and he on the other, and I cut diagonally across to reach him. As I approached, I could distinguish his features more distinctly.

He was a man thirty-five or forty years of age. From the moment I entered the street his eye fastened upon me, as mine did on him. As I advanced, a smile broke over his countenance, so frank in its character that, on my side, I could not prevent myself from smiling too.

Arrived in hailing distance, I opened my mouth to ask him to tell me my route, but before I had time to pronounce a syllable:

"It is useless," said he; "I am a Frenchman, like yourself, and I know no more about it than you do."

Then, re-entering his room, he rang the bell. A servant appeared.

"You speak French?" said he to him.

"Yes, your Excellency."

"Very well. Monsieur has lost his way; point it out to him."

I told the servant what I wanted, and he gave me all the necessary information. When he had finished, and when, after having thanked the servant, I was going to thank my compatriot:

"I beg your pardon," he said to me; "are you engaged anywhere?"

"Nowhere."

"Where do you expect to dine?"

"At the table-d'hôte."

"Are there any Frenchmen at your hotel?"

"Not one."

"Well, then, let us dine together?"

"Where?"

"I don't know. Anywhere you like; but let us dine together. John, tell my uncle that I have met a compatriot, and that I am going to dine with him."

Then, leaping out of the window:

"I arrived here yesterday," he said, "and I am sure that, but for you, I should die of *sauvage* this evening."

We dined together, and among my pleasantest recollections is that of having saved the life of a man attacked by the German spleen, which has this superiority over the English spleen, that it respects the natives and only attacks strangers.

He and I recognized each other as Frenchmen before a word had been spoken.

It was the same with Benedict. Scarcey had Monsieur Bodemeyer perceived him, when he smiled graciously at him, and advanced with hand extended.

Benedict, on seeing this administration, ran three-fourths of the way to meet him.

The two men exchanged the customary courtesies; then Monsieur Bodemeyer, in his quality of journalist, greedy of news, inquired of Benedict whence he came.

When he learned that our painter had only left Berlin at six o'clock that morning, he insisted on his relating the whole *émeute* of the day before, which was known by telegraph only, as well as the attempt at assassination upon Count Edmond.

Although the whole thing had passed scarcely twenty paces from Benedict, he knew nothing except what everybody knew. He had heard the shots fired, he had seen two men struggling and rolling together in the dust, then he had seen one rise and deliver over the other to the Prussian officers. It was at this moment, that, fearing the public attention, so aptly diverted, might revert to him, he had leaped inside the café, quitted it by the other entrance opening on Behren street, and had gained the French Embassy.

He knew, moreover, as we have said, that the murderer had been interrogated, and that he had crushed the count under the most terrible accusations; but these accusations, in the mouth of the son of an exile of '48, had not the value they would have had in the mouth of another.

"Well, then," replied Monsieur Bodemeyer, "we are a little further advanced than you. The dispatches of eight o'clock in the morning have arrived. Blind had a little penknife, with the blade of which he cut his throat in several places. The physician who was called in bandaged him, and declared the wounds slight; but," he added, "here is the *Gazette de la Croix*, which has just arrived, and, as it appeared to-day at eight o'clock, we will have the news of the night."

Just at this moment, the newsboys were crying as they ran through the streets, "Kreuz Zeitung!" and there was a demand for them on every side. Hanover was almost as much agitated as Berlin had been the day before. The poor little kingdom had felt itself already half in the serpent's throat.

Benedict made a sign, and the newsboys ran toward him to give him, at the price of three kreutzers, a copy of the *Journal de la Croix*.

"Apropos," said he to the editor-in-chief of the *Nouvelle Gazette de Hanovre*, "you know that you are to dine with me and Colonel Anderson. We have a private room, which will enable us to talk politics to our hearts' content. Besides, the service which I have to solicit from you, is one of those which cannot be asked at a *table-d'hôte*."

At this moment Colonel Anderson approached. He had already glanced over his journal. Bodemeyer and he knew each other by sight, having eaten at the same *table-d'hôte*. Benedict introduced them to each other.

"Do you know," he said, "that notwithstanding the declarations of the physician as to the slightness of Blind's wounds, he died about five o'clock in the morning? A Hanoverian officer, who started at eleven o'clock from Berlin, said that, at four o'clock, a man enveloped in a large cloak, and whose features were concealed by a large hat with drooping brim, had entered the prison furnished with a superior order, which allowed him to speak to the prisoner. He was introduced into his cell. Blind had a strait-jacket on. No one knows what passed between them; but when, at eight o'clock in the morning, they entered Blind's prison, he was found dead. A physician who was called in declared that his death occurred about four o'clock; that is to say, at the time when the mysterious visitor left the cell."

"That is not official, is it?" inquired Monsieur Bodemeyer.

"Oh, no!" said Colonel Anderson.

"As for me," he continued, "in my capacity as editor-in-chief of the Government Gazette, I only believe official news, or what the *Kreuz Zeitung* says."

"Let us see, then, what the *Kreuz Zeitung* says."

The three men entered the room which had been prepared for them, and the editor-in-chief of the *Nouvelle Gazette de Hanovre* undertook to pick out for them any important news the *Journal de la Croix* might contain.

The first news of importance was this. "It is asserted that the official journal will contain tomorrow the king's order for the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies."

"Ah!" said Colonel Anderson, "here is, to begin with, a little piece of news which is not without importance!"

"Wait a bit; we are not yet at the end. It is said also," continued he, "that the decree announcing the mobilization of the landwehr will be published in the official gazette, the day after to-morrow."

"It is unnecessary to look further," said the colonel, "to see that the Minister has triumphed over the entire coalition, and that war will be declared in fifteen days. Pass to the items of the day; for, as to politics, we know already all we want to know. Only with whom will Hanover go?"

"That is not the question," answered Bodemeyer; "Hanover will go with the Confederation."

"And the Confederation?" inquired Benedict, "With whom will she go?"

"With Austria," said the publicist, unhesitatingly. "But wait a bit; here are some fresh details with regard to the scene on the Ash-tree Promenade."

"Ah! read on then—read on!" cried Benedict, eagerly. "As I was there, I will tell you if the details are true."

"What? You were there?"

"Yes, I was there in person. And," he added, laughing, "I may say with *Hincas*, 'Et quorum pars magna fui.' Read on then!"

Monsieur Bodemeyer read on;

"Later information permits us to relate today, in all its details, a fact which alone has protested against the great national manifestation, which yesterday, at Berlin, and especially on the Promenade of Lindens, greeted the speech of his Majesty the Emperor of the French. At the moment when our great artist Heinrich, in the midst of hurrahs, applause, and bravos, was finishing the sixth and last couplet of our fine national song of the "Free German Rhine," a hiss was heard.

"As may easily be supposed, it was only a stranger who could commit himself to such a protest. In fact, it has been ascertained that this protester, who was in a state of intoxication, was a French painter. He would, doubtless, have been the victim of his audacity, and succumbed under the number of assailants eager to avenge such a sacrilege, when the generosity of some Prussian officers interposed between him and the general indignation. This young madman had the audacity to launch his name and address at his adversaries in the manner of a challenge. But when they called upon him this morning at the Hotel de l'Aigle Noir, to demand satisfaction of him, he had already departed. We can only applaud his prudence, and wish him *bon voyage*."

"Is the article signed?" asked Benedict, quietly.

"No; is it not exact?" demanded Monsieur Bodemeyer, in his turn.

"I venture to say to you, monsieur, that, of the four quarters of the globe, I have already traversed three, and that what I have remarked, as well in the Northern journals as in those of the South, in those of St. Petersburg, as in those of Calcutta, in those of Paris, as in those of Constantinople, is the little respect that the editors of that sort of news items have for the truth. Such or such a journal is bound to give so many blows of the tom-tom per diem; good or bad, false or true—it is condemned to give them. It is for those on whom the rod of Aristarchus falls wrongfully, to make reclamation."

"And in this case," inquired Colonel Anderson, "your opinion is, monsieur, that there is a want of exactness in the narrative?"

"Not only is it wanting in exactness, but it is incomplete. The young madman in question not only hissed, but shouted, 'Vive la France!' Not only did he shout 'Vive la France!' but he drank to the health of France. He not only drank to the health of France, but he disdained the four first aggressors who assailed him. It was then, that, protected in effect by those Prussian officers, who wished to make him cry out, 'Long live King William! Long live Prussia!' he mounted upon a table, and, instead of shouting 'Long live King William! Long live Prussia!' he recited, in a loud voice, and from one end to the other, the victorious reply of Alfred de Musset, 'Au Rhin Allemand.' It is moreover true that he was about to be torn in pieces, when the report of Blind's revolver attracted public attention in another direction.

Judging it impossible to fight against five hundred persons, he beat a retreat, as the *Journal* says, and went to the French Embassy to demand protection. His challenge was to one adversary, to two adversaries, to four adversaries, but not to a whole population. From the French Embassy he sent word to the Aigle Noir that, forced to quit Berlin, he would stop in a country sufficiently near to Prussia not to cause too great inconvenience to those who might think they had reason to complain of him, and might feel disposed to come to look for him there. This is the answer, and the only answer, which should have been given to those who came to ask for him. And it was to conform to this programme that he set out by the Hanover Railroad at six o'clock in the morning, that he arrived here an hour ago, and that his first care was to send his card to the Honorable Monsieur Bodemeyer, to ask of him, in the name of international honor, the right to publish in his journal the city where he is stopping, and the hotel where he will be found by those who did not find him this morning at the Aigle Noir.

"What!" cried the editor of the *Gazette*, "was it you who caused all that tumult at Berlin?"

"Yes, it was I. You see, a small cause produces a great effect. And that is why also," continued he, turning toward the English officer—"that is why I said just now to the Honorable Colonel Anderson, that I would probably have a great service to ask of him—that of serving me as second, in case some fiery spirits shall come (as I do not doubt they will), to demand satisfaction from me for having, in a foreign land, sustained the honor of my country."

The two men, by a simultaneous movement, held out both their hands to him.

"And now," continued Benedict, "in order to prove to you that I am not merely a chance comer, here is a letter from our Director of the Fine Arts to Mr. Kaulbach, painter to King George. He lives at Hanover, does he not?"

"Yes; in a charming little house that the king had built for him in the midst of a garden. This evening I will have the honor of delivering this letter at his house."

At this moment, the door of the cabinet, leading to the room in which the dinner had been served, was thrown open. Master Stephan's head entered, preceded by his aldermanic paunch, and from the height of his greatness, his majestic voice uttered these words: "Gentlemen, dinner is served!"

Master Stephan had surpassed himself, and the head cook, either because he had recognized a skillful professor in the man who had given him directions, or because he had received positive orders to obey them, had in no respect departed from the programme, which made of the repast a dinner neither French, English nor German, but European.

Monsieur Bodemeyer, like all German publicists, was a learned man; only, he had passed almost his entire life in the little town of Hanover. Anderson, on the contrary, had read little, but he had

traveled much, and seen a great deal. Benedict and he had visited the same countries, and known the same men. Both had been present at the taking of Pekin. The colonel had followed him in India, and preceded him in Russia. Both spoke of their travels; the one, with English indifference and humor; the other, with French vivacity and wit.

The one, a veritable modern Carthaginian, saw everything from an industrial and commercial point of view; the other, from the standpoint of progress and ideas. Their two systems, handled with the fire and courtesy of elegant and superior men, clashing one against the other, like two foils in skillful hands, threw out flashes, each one of which lighted up an idea, fugitive as a spark, but as brilliant.

Unasked in this sort of discussion, in which a crowd of theories, destined to become facts in the future, were handled, the Hanoverian champion attempted to bring back the conversation to philosophy, and to prove, from a philosophical point of view, the superiority of Germany over France. But it was there that Benedict was waiting for him—Benedict who knew thoroughly that occult mystery which we call human science.

Benedict resembled that lion of which Gerard speaks, which the unhappy Arab met at the issue of the wood every time he attempted to get out, and despite every effort which he made to avoid him. Benedict admitted Germany to be a country of dreams, and at times even of ideas; but he maintained that France is the country of principles, and that other countries only produced facts.

He maintained against Colonel Anderson that the sea isolates not only peoples, but ideas and events; that, for the entire world, that which does not take place in France does not take place at all; that the head of Louis XVI., falling on the Place de la Revolution, had a reverberation more European, and even more universal, than that of Mary Stuart falling at Fotheringay, or that of Charles I. falling at Whitehall; and that France holds such a place in the moral world, that, despite her territorial exiguity, every man has two native countries—his own first, France afterward.

"Good!" cried the publicist: "did not our Kant think out all your French ideas long before the French did? You only suppressed God in '86; he had already decapitated him in '86."

Benedict bowed; but with a smile on his lips, "Yes, doubtless," said he, "Kant was a great astronomer; he predicted the existence of the planet Uranus. But confess that his system is absurd when it asserts that the spiritual perfection of worlds increases in proportion to their distance from the sun. It is true that Kant contradicted himself; he liked to lay down the *pro et con*, and to defend both. That is the way in which he proves that we can know nothing in regard to this *Numen*, whom we call God; that any proof of His existence is impossible; and that, consequently, God does not exist."

"You have some difficulty at first in reconciling yourself to this idea of the non-existence of God; but you end by saying to yourself: 'If God exists, and if God desires that we should know the fact, why does He not give proof of His existence?' That is His own concern, when all is said and done; and when you are thoroughly convinced with Kant, and by Kant, that there is nothing to expect henceforth—neither divine pity nor paternal kindness, nor future compensation for present privations, nor celestial punishment for crimes committed on this earth, and when the immortality of the soul is in its death-agony, lo! his old servant suddenly enters his master's study in great affliction, and, dropping his umbrella, says out: 'Is it really true, monsieur, that there is no God?'

"Then Kant grew tender—for Kant, Atheist as he is, is a worthy fellow at bottom; he reflected a moment, and

live, die and renew themselves, each one in its own fashion. Our body is composed of millions upon millions of little beings or living individuals of different species."

The discussion, as it rose into the brightness of the infinite, or plunged into the darkness of the unknown, had commenced by getting beyond the reach of Colonel Anderson, and then beyond the reach of the publicist, Bodemeyer, to remain the exclusive property of Benedict, who, whilst speaking the language of Leibnitz and Kant, remained perfectly lucid, although the thought, which came to him in French was translated by him into German. Anderson had sought in vain to comprehend the publicist; but when it was Benedict who spoke, he understood as he had never understood before.

Eight o'clock struck, and the editor-in-chief uttered a cry of surprise as he counted the strokes one after another.

"And my journal!" he cried; "my journal, which is not made up!"

Never before had he given himself up to such an intellectual debauch.

"These devils of Frenchmen!" he said, trying on all the hats he could find, none of which fitted his head—"they are the champagne wine of nations; they are clear, they are strong and they sparkle!"

It was in vain that Benedict endeavored to obtain from him five minutes' time in order to write out his reclamation.

"You have up to eleven o'clock to-night to send it to me," cried Monsieur Bodemeyer, as he made his escape, after having finally recovered his hat and cane.

The next day could be read in the *Nouvelle Gazette de Hanover*, which appeared at twelve o'clock, the following notice:

"Having, on the 7th of June, 1866, between four o'clock and half-past four in the evening, received and given a certain number of blows on the Linden Promenade at Berlin, to some worthy citizens who wished to cut me in pieces because I drank a toast to France, and not having the honor of knowing those who gave them to me, but desiring to be known to those to whom I gave them, I declare that I will wait during eight days at the Hotel Royal, on the Grand Square, at Hanover, for any person having any observations to make to me touching my acts and conduct during the said day. I would especially desire that the author of the paragraph relative to me in the *Kreis Zeitung* should be among the challengers; not knowing his name, I cannot otherwise appeal to him.

"I thank the Prussian officers who were kind enough to protect me against the populace of Berlin. But, if any one of them think he has cause to complain of me, my gratitude will not go so far as to refuse him satisfaction.

"I have proclaimed, and I repeat, that arms of all kinds are familiar to me.

"BENEDICT TURPIN,  
"Hotel Royal, Hanover."

#### VI.—KAULBACH'S STUDIO.

BENEDICT had said he would carry his note that very evening to the *Journal of Hanover*, and he had at the same time left at Kaulbach's house his letter of introduction, with his card, on which he had written in pencil: "Will have the honor of presenting himself to-morrow."

In fact, about eleven o'clock next morning, Master Lenhart received orders to harness up, Benedict having two visits to make—a visit of thanks to Monsieur Bodemeyer, and a visit of introduction to Kaulbach.

Kaulbach lived at the other end of the city, in Waterloo place, in a charming house, which the King of Hanover had built for him. He commenced, then, by his visit of thanks to Monsieur Bodemeyer, who lived in Park street.

They were in the act of printing off the last numbers of the *Nouvelle Gazette de Hanover*, and Benedict, to whom Monsieur Bodemeyer gave a copy, could satisfy himself that his card had appeared.

As the *Nouvelle Gazette de Hanover* had three hundred subscribers at Berlin, of which thirty were in its coffee-houses, the publicity which Benedict desired was then assured him. Sent off by mail at one o'clock, the numbers would arrive at Berlin at six o'clock, and be distributed at seven.

As the *Gazette de la Croix* had prophesied the evening before, the morning dispatches announced the dissolution of the Chamber; there was no doubt that the Berlin *Moniteur* would next day announce the mobilization of the landwehr.

In view of the important news, the *Nouvelle Gazette de Hanover* had been distributed one hour earlier than customary.

Benedict left Monsieur Bodemeyer in the midst of his bustle, that is to say, in the midst of his departure for the province, and bent his steps to Kaulbach's house.

As he had done the evening before, he crossed the whole city to reach Waterloo place; but what he had been unable to see the evening before, in the midst of darkness, he saw by daylight. The house given by the king to his favorite painter, Kaulbach, was a charming little structure, in the Italian style, with a terrace and a flight of steps, in the style of the Renaissance, surrounded by a garden, which, in its turn, was surrounded by an iron fence. The gate fronting the steps was open, and seemed to invite the passer to enter and mount.

Benedict entered, mounted the steps and rang the bell.

A servant in livery opened the door. It was easy to see that Benedict was expected. Scarcely had he named himself when the servant made a sign which seemed to say, "I know all about it," and he conducted Benedict straight to his master's studio.

"Master is finishing his dinner," he said; "Monsieur Kaulbach dines at twelve o'clock; he will be at your service in a few minutes."

"Tell your master," answered Benedict, "that

he leaves me in such good company, that I shall not have the time to be bored."

And, in fact, Kaulbach's studio, full of original pictures, of sketches or copies made by him in his youth, of the best Italian, Flemish or Spanish painters, was the most interesting thing in the world for a man like Benedict, who found himself suddenly introduced into the sanctuary of one of the greatest painters of Germany.

Benedict had not that bad habit, which a great many of our artists have, of exalting French art above all others. He had attempted to unite the two styles of Cabat and Bonington; a pupil of Ary Scheffer in history, he had preserved all the idealism of that master, while studying Delacroix's manner of coloring. Benedict belonged to the Eclectic school, and no assimilation seemed impious to him. Every means seemed to him not only permissible, but sacred, provided it led to the beautiful. He had entered Germany influenced by two opinions formed in regard to the Germans; one by a woman of genius, their friend, Madame de Staél; the other, by Viardot, a man of wit, who had little sympathy with them.

Madame de Staél said of them: "In discussing art in Germany, one is led to speak rather of their writers than of their artists. In all respects the Germans are more at home in theory than in practice. And the North is so little favorable to the arts which strike the eye, that one is tempted to say that the spirit of meditation has been given to the North, in order that it may serve only as a spectator to the South."

Viardot said of them: "Instead of making art walk in advance, like ideas, the Germans have turned backward, and, rather than march forward resolutely to the discovery of the future, of the unknown, they have judged it more prudent to return to the past, and take refuge in Archaisms.

Artistic Germany has been sleeping for three hundred years in the caverns of Epimenides. Waked up by the noise of the resurrection in France, she is resuming her task just where she left it, and has found herself at the end of the fifteenth century."

By this tardy waking up, Germany has both lost and gained. She has lost, in not having marched in the front rank, but she has gained in the preservation of her faith.

Kaulbach is one of those men who have retained their faith, and his studio, like a church filled with votive offerings, was full of sketches or copies, which gave evidence of his faith. There were copies of Albert Durer, of Holbein, of Lucas Cranach. There were sketches almost as finished as the original of his frescoes of the Berlin museum: "The Battle of the Druses," "The Dispersion of the Nations," "The Taking of Jerusalem by Titus," "The Conversion of Wittkind," and "The Crusaders under the Walls of Jerusalem." There were some portraits, ready to be delivered, with the exception of some retouching, which remained to be done, the last touch of the pencil to be given. Among these was a veritable tableau composed of five persons.

It represented an officer of superior rank, standing upright, clad in a hussar uniform, and giving his hand to a child ten or eleven years of age, ready to mount on horseback, and whose horse was waiting for him at the foot of a terrace. Near the officer was a woman, in all the splendor of her age, sitting on a sofa, and holding a young girl in her arms and on her knees, while another plays on the ground with a little dog and some roses.

It was evident that the painter had especially applied himself to this picture, as an object of predilection. Either Kaulbach had much affection for the picture itself, or felt much gratitude toward the persons it represented.

This exceptional tenderness for his canvas had even led the painter to a fault, viz., that he had finished the details as carefully as the heads, so that the great effect of the first view was lost.

Benedict was entirely absorbed in the study of this beautiful page, when Kaulbach entered, without being heard, and, watching his visitor's pantomime for an instant, with a smile on his lips, said to him:

"You are right; everything is on the same plan, and it is a defect, so I did not take the picture back in order to finish it, but to rub out and do over certain portions. In its present condition, it would not please the French public. Delacroix has spoiled you in respect to painting proper."

"Which means that Delacroix made improper pictures," said Benedict, smiling.

"Oh! heaven forbid! Delacroix made—and I am one of those who most regretted his death—Delacroix made admirable pictures; but, confess that you Frenchmen, habituated to the pictures of Messrs. Girodet, Gerard, and Guérin, have had some trouble in reconciling yourselves to them."

"Yes; but you have seen how they have rendered justice to him since."

"Since his death," said Kaulbach, laughing. "Alas! it is always thus."

"Not in your case, at least. Your name is admired in France, is venerated in Germany, and God be thanked, you are still alive."

The two men saluted each other. Kaulbach is, in fact, to-day, a man of fifty-five years of age, turning gray, of a bilious complexion, with black eyes, of a very nervous and, consequently, of an extremely lively organization, tall and slender, in the very prime of his talent, and, I might almost say, of his age.

Whilst Turpin was looking at him, he also looked at Turpin with a certain curiosity. The latter burst into a laugh.

"Do you know what I am studying in you?" said Kaulbach to him.

"Tell me!"

"I am endeavoring to separate the man from the painter. I am asking myself how you find time, while running from China to St. Petersburg, and from Astrakhan to Algiers—I am asking myself how you find time to paint pictures of the

size of your 'Slave Merchant,' your 'Corinthian Courtesan Burning her Ornaments after Hearing St. Paul Preach,' your 'Battle of the Peiko,' and your 'View of Tangier.'

"What!" said Benedict; "you know my poor pictures?"

"By reputation only, unfortunately; but one of my colleagues, who has seen them, has spoken highly to me of them. You are a pupil of Scherer's, are you not?"

"And of Cabat."

"They were two masters."

"But before that," said Benedict, "I am a soldier, I am a traveler, I am a Frenchman, and, excuse me, I am a child of Paris."

"It was you, then, that got up that awkward affair at Berlin?"

"Who told you about it?"

"I have just read your letter in the *Nouvelle Gazette de Hanover*."

"And you think that an awkward affair?"

"Doubtless, you are going to have two or three duels."

"So much the worse for those who fight with me."

"Permit me to tell you, that you have a confidence in yourself..."

"Which reposes on my confidence in a certain science."

Benedict looked at his hand; then, showing it to Kaulbach, "Here," he said, "look at this line, or, rather, at these two lines, for, with me, the line of life is double." And he showed him that part of the hand which the chiromancers call the Mount of Venus. "Well, then, there is not the slightest rupture which indicates a sickness, an accident, or even the scratch of a pin. I shall live a hundred years, whilst I cannot say as much for those who seek to quarrel with me."

"In fact," said Kaulbach, smiling, "there is an underscored postscript at the bottom of your letter of introduction."

"And what does that underscored postscript say?"

"It says that you occupy yourself with the occult sciences; and, it adds, that you are more absorbed by them than in your talent."

"To tell the truth, my dear great master, neither the one nor the other absorbs me much. I am a man of temperament and sensation. One thing amuses me; I study it. If I discover truth in it, I pursue it with eagerness. I saw a science in chiromancy, and I gave myself up to it. This science has given me results; I have pursued them. Well, then, I believe that I can, by the inspection of the hand—like my two masters, D'Arpentigne, the creator of the art, and Desbarrolles, its perfecter—I believe that I can, by the aid of the hand, lift up a corner of the veil which conceals the future. The hand is a book where destiny has written not only the past, but the future. Ah! if I could only hold for five minutes the hand of the King of Prussia, or Monsieur de Boeswijk, I would tell you what is going to take place in Germany."

"In the meanwhile," said Kaulbach, "if you have a duel or so in consequence of your freak at Berlin, will nothing happen you?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"I hope so with all my heart."

"But this trifling has led us away from our subject, and that subject was interesting. I was speaking to you of yourself, and of what you have done. And I know everything you have done."

"Everything?"

"Almost."

"I bet you don't know my best picture."

"The Emperor Otho Visiting Charlemagne in his Tomb."

"You know that?" cried Kaulbach, with an expression of great joy.

"That is your masterpiece, and I would venture to say that it is the masterpiece of modern German painting."

Kaulbach held out his hand frankly to the young man.

"Without estimating the picture as highly as you do, it is certainly the one I prefer to the others. But, pardon me," continued Kaulbach, starting, "here are some persons who come for a sitting."

"I leave you to your business, but I don't hold you quit of me."

"I hope so sincerely. But wait a moment; these are good friends of mine, and perhaps you will not be in their way. I am going to meet them, to tell them who you are, and, if they see no impropriety in your remaining during the sitting, you shall be at liberty to remain or go, as you please." And Kaulbach quitted the studio to go and meet his two visitors.

They descended from a very simple carriage, without armorial bearings; only, Benedict, who was an excellent judge of horses, estimated that the two which drew the carriage were worth at least five thousand francs apiece.

The elder of the two men, who seemed to be forty or forty-five years old, wore the epaulets of a general, with the undress uniform of the Chasseurs of the Guard—that is to say, a tunic of dark green, with collar and trimmings of black velvet. After some words exchanged between him and Kaulbach, he unfastened the Order which he wore on his breast with two other crosses, and put it in his pocket.

SENTENCE of death was once passed upon a notorious villain by a popular judge, who desired to maintain and extend his popularity. He said:

"Mr. Green, you have just been found guilty. Will you have the kindness to stand up, Mr. Green? I really would not trouble you, Mr. Green, but such is the established custom of the Court. As I was saying, Mr. Green, you have just been found guilty by the jury, Mr. Green, et—et—I believe you called it murder, Mr. Foreman of the Jury? yes—murder. You will please take notice, Mr. Green, that it is the jury who find you guilty, not I, Mr. Green. I express no opinion on the subject, but I am compelled by the law—it's a mere formality so far as I am concerned, Mr. Green—to sentence you to be hanged by the neck till you are dead—dead. At what time would it be agreeable to you to be hanged, Mr. Green?"

#### A Young Englishwoman Proposes to Marry an Indian Maharajah.

The London *Star* prints this curious story:

"A correspondent sends us the following which he says has recently arrived from Madras, and is vouches for by a European officer who was on a visit to the nobleman referred to when the letter was received. It was handed over to him for translation into the native tongue, which he at once did, 'evidently to the consternation of the native bearers.' Whoever the member of the fair sex may be who perpetrated such a piece of folly, the most charitable construction to be put upon it is, that she is a fit subject for the lunatic asylum of the Corwall district. In Madras no doubt was entertained of the genuineness of the document."

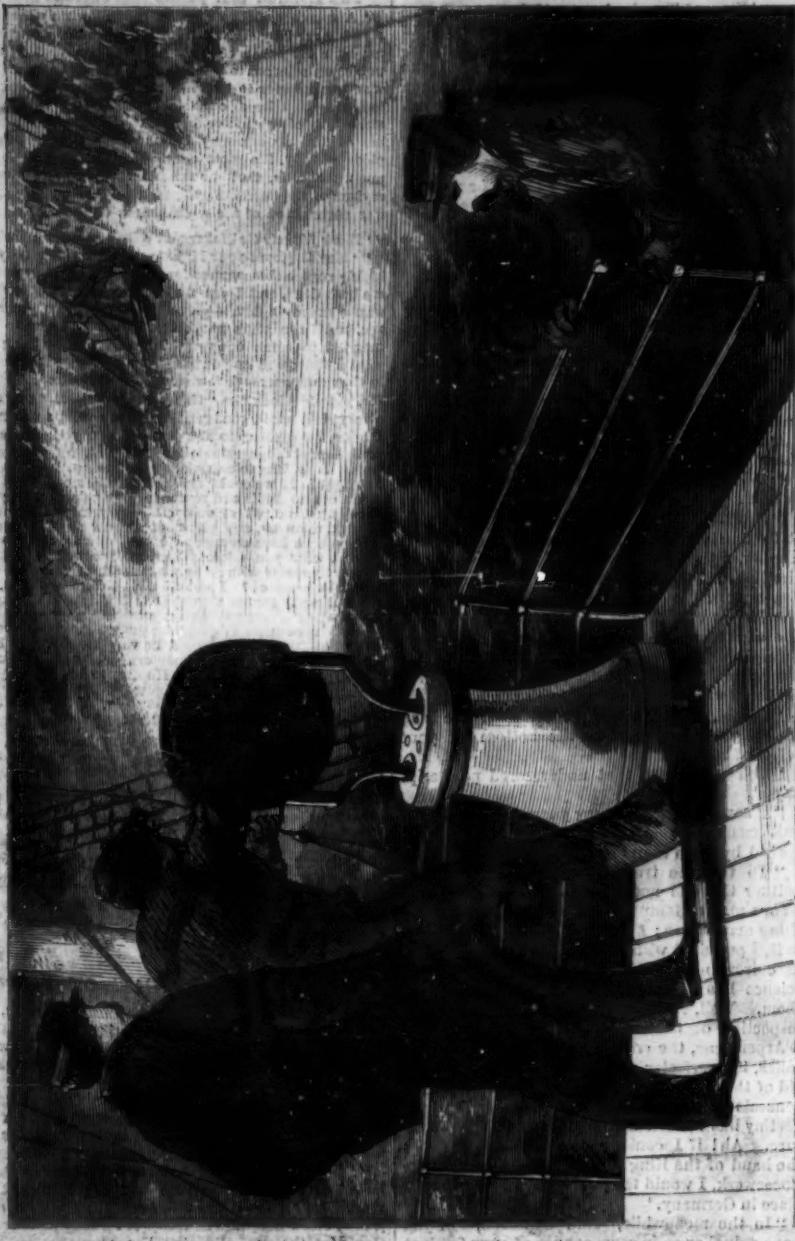
"To His Majesty the Maharajah of —, Southern India:

"May it please your Majesty: I am a young lady of highly respectable connections; my papa and mamma are both dead, and I am now residing with a minister whose name is Rev. —. I am twenty-one years of age, and have some property, and am anxious to be married to some one very high and rich—a king is what I want; and as you have been so highly spoken of in the newspapers—[a few words here are almost illegible, but they look like "there inform"]—that you are a very rich, noble, good gentleman, you will pardon me, I hope, for wishing to know whether you have any matrimonial engagement; and, if not, whether you would be willing to correspond with me with a view to marriage? If we could agree, I should not object to come out to India and reside in your palace, with you as my husband, where we could have plenty of servants to wait upon us and plenty of money to live upon. Will you be kind enough to let me know by the return of post what you think of this, my proposal; whether it exactly meets with your views, and, if so, when we could be married? I should wish to know in time, to have all ready for the voyage to India, and for my marriage when I arrived there, unless you would be pleased to come to England for me, and then we could go out together. This would be very nice indeed; but I shall not make any further arrangements till such time as I hear from you. Hoping to hear from you when the mail returns from India,

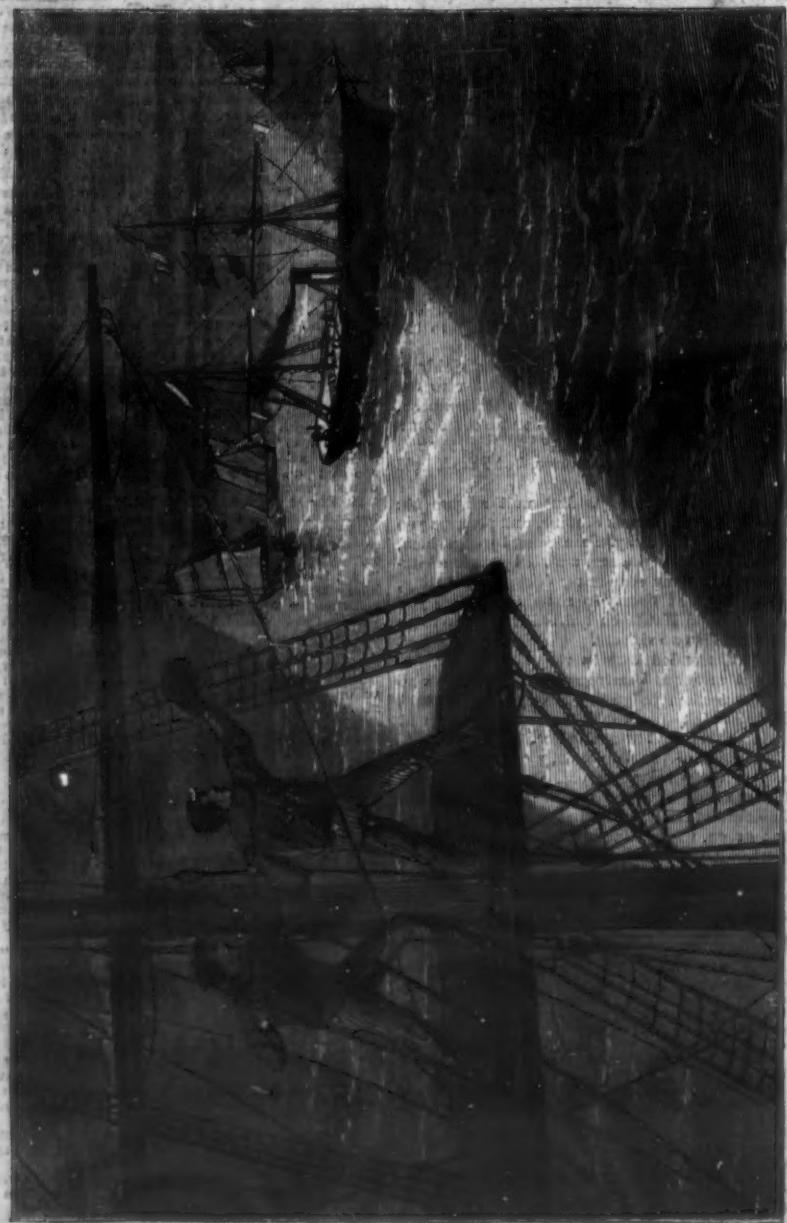
"I am yours most truly, J. M.

"Cornwall, England, August 25, 1868."

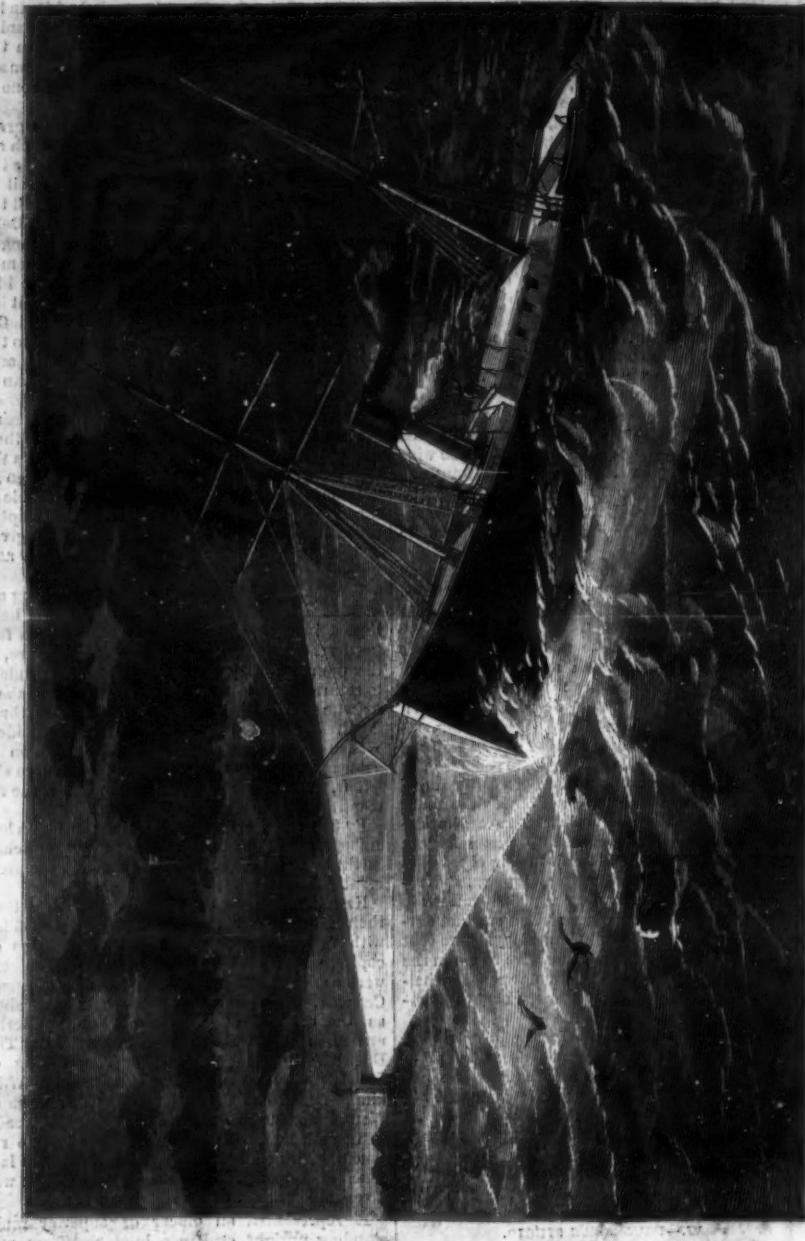
"To this is attached the letter of the minister, as follows: 'I hereby state that I have known Miss M.—intimately for four years past, and have always found her to be a very nice, amiable, kind, and excellent young lady. She has lived with us more than twelve months, so we know what an excellent wife she would be to any gentleman who could have her. She is well educated, having studied music and several languages; she is plausibly disposed, and a member of our church, which she has been for several years. Her parents were very highly respectable, and as they are now dead, she has control over all the property belonging to her. Should any more information be required, I shall be glad to supply it.'



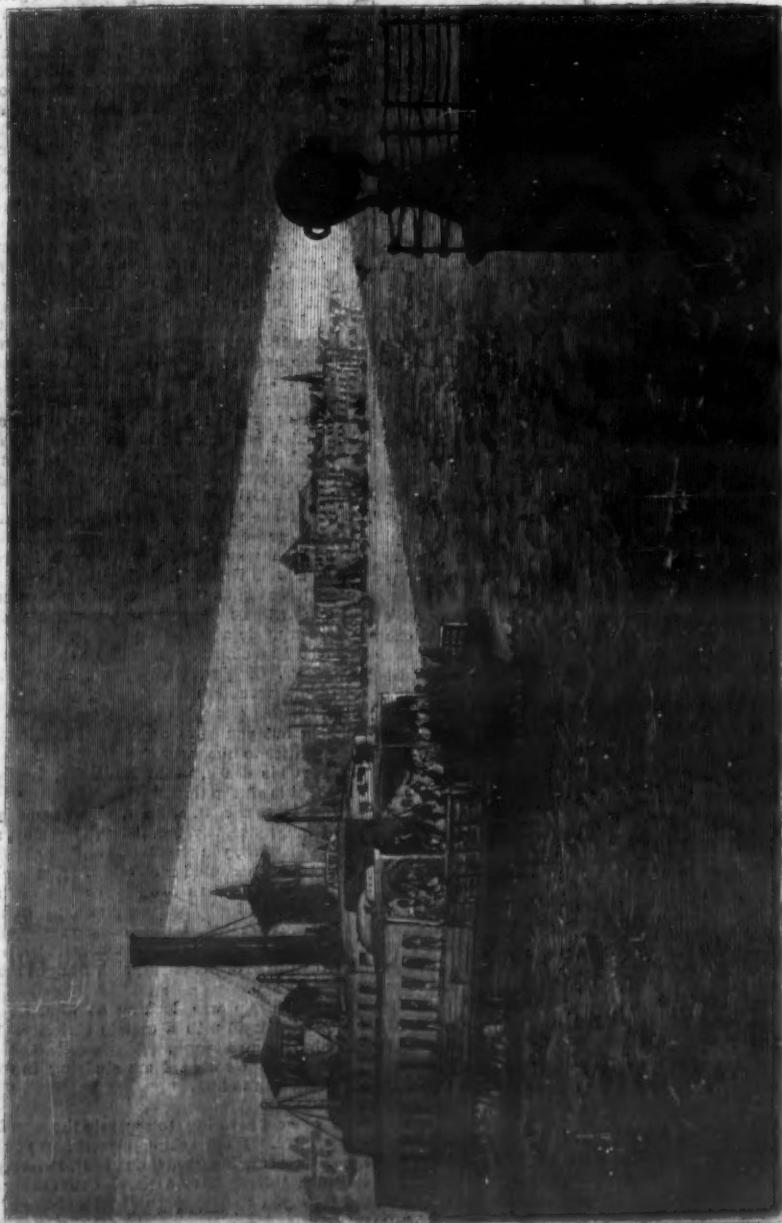
LIGHTING UP A DANGEROUS COAST.



THE EFFECT FROM THE PORTTOP OF A SHIP, LIGHTNING THE DANGER OF A COLLISION.



THE EFFECT FROM A LIGHTHOUSE.



THE EFFECT WHEN USED FOR LIGHTING UP FOGGY SHIPS, IN A FOG.

THE MAGNETO-ELECTRIC LIGHT.—See PAGE 207.

JAN. 9, 1869.]

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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"VENGEANCE ON THE TRAIL."—See PAGE 267.

## THE HAUNTED MIRROR.

BETWEEN the south windows, straight and tall,  
Like an open doorway framed in the wall,  
Dusky bright as in water that lies  
Rippleless under the twilight skies.  
Or bright as with ~~the~~<sup>the</sup> edge of a blade,  
Polished ~~and~~<sup>and</sup> broad, to the hilt displayed;  
A pier-glass set as a panel of wood,  
Under nor marble, nor bronze, for base,  
And no hint of gilding to mark its place.

Opposite, under the canopy's snow,  
Upborne like a tent from the bed below,  
The eyes that looked out from the linen and  
lace

Of the pillows, looked out on a dainty place;  
For carvings, and pearly enamels, and blue,  
Mimicked white cloudlets with sky shown  
through;

From the gray moss carpet where dewily shone  
Clusters of bine-bells, as if just fresh blown,  
Through every appointment and device rare,  
Only blue, and pearl gray, and white blent fair.

All that is gracious and tender in pride,  
Look appearing here for the coming bride,  
But a fate, a glamour, a what you will—  
Something you feel, and the heart stands still  
Something uncanny, had marred the grace,  
And made of its beauty a ghastly place.  
Artist and workmen divined it, but each  
Troubled to silence, gave thought no speech.  
Why, the sun and the south wind filtering through,  
And stirring the draperies, knew it, too!

No lovelier sight could the mirror have seen,  
Than the girl gliding to it in silken sheen—  
Pearls in her hair, on her forehead, her breast;  
Pale, fairy lamps, gracing bridals the best;  
Warm tints dawning to blushes, as day  
Rosily breaks in the eastern way;  
Carelessly stepping in time to the beat  
Of the wedding waltz, and the dancers' feet,  
All of her pulses in perfect attune  
With her beauty and youth, as is summer with  
June.

A fluttering pause, as of bird that swings  
A moment in song, on outspread wings—  
A glance in the mirror, questioning part,  
And partly the triumph of girlish heart—  
Ah! horror, the innocent, happy pride  
Out of the face and the wide eyes died!  
A curdling terror, in dreadful eclipse  
Blasted her freshness, and froze her lips!  
For a pitiless hand, a cold hand, too,  
Clutching her bosom, pierced it through.

A face, young as her own, but stern in hate,  
A fury to watch, to pursue, to wait,  
A brow to threaten, and tireless nurse  
The purpose to baffle, to cross, to curse;  
A hand that quivered, as venomous thing  
Sibilant warns that it lieth to spring:  
This was the vision, baleful and fierce,  
Swooping out of the mirror her soul to pierce;  
Innocent soul! from that hour to be  
Banned by an awful mystery!

## C U B A.

A Short Whiff in Ink and Plumbago.  
BY THE TRIANGLE.

IT was on the 2d of January that I sailed from the port of New York on board the good ship (I do like the phrase good ship)—there is something so wholesome and honest about it) Eagle, Captain Green, Purser Huertas, and Head Steward—I forget his name; no matter, he was an excellent officer, and lent me a hat when mine blew overboard. With the exception of my hat blowing overboard, no particularly exciting event occurred during the voyage; we did not even have a storm going around flotillas. From all I heard on this subject, and I have heard a great deal, I fully expected, on rounding this notorious cape, to be knocked into a cocked hatstan, but the thing is a mere bugbear, so let all future travelers dismiss it from their minds at once and forever.

## HAVANA.

All on board kept an eagle eye (out of compliment to the vessel) on the horizon, to catch the first glimpse of the Moro Castle—the historic Moro, the stern Moro, the terrible Moro. I forgot when we first saw it, or how it looked at a distance. But I remember staring away, up from the deck, at its solitary tower and battlemented walls, which were about the color of "yellow dog," and thinking they looked rather trumpery, though the perpendicular rock on which they stood, with the green waves knocking out their frothy brains at its base, had a decidedly grim and shipwrecky appearance. A pilot is supposed to meet vessels outside the harbor, but none appearing, and his services being quite superfluous, we steamed straight in; the Moro saluting us with a "bang!" as we passed, by which I could not help feeling, to a certain extent, personally complimented.

We subsequently took the pilot on board in the middle of the harbor, just as we were coming to anchor, whereby he earned his fees and saved our captain and himself all trouble in the matter. One of the inscrutable laws of Havana, is to the effect that no steamships shall come up to the wharves; they are compelled to anchor out in the middle of the extensive bay. This arrangement serves to afford employment to numerous boatmen, but otherwise seems to be of no particular benefit to any one, whilst it is a great source of inconvenience and expense to merchants and travelers.

Why, in a tropical climate, they should paint their houses red and yellow, when cool grays would be so far more refreshing to the eyes, I cannot for the life or death of me conceive. Yellow! the color of rhubarb, empyt brimstone and mustard; and red, the hue of blood, cayenne pepper and fire! Yet these were the colors of the buildings all around us, varied only now and then by a sky-blue mansion, so painted, I verily believe, with pre-meditated artistic malignity, to heighten, by contrast the general Jamaica-ginger effect of the whole. I at first thought the town must be built of that stuff with which we clean knives, batas-brick, or rotten stone I believe it is called, but I was mistaken. It is all done on purpose, with pigments, to look pretty, or to make them feel warm in winter. When we ar-

rived the New Year was an infant in arms, and the thermometer was down to 80°, but then the inhabitants expect a ~~heat~~<sup>heat</sup> about this period, and consider the sharp incising air as rather healthful than otherwise.

Now, it must not be supposed because I have spoken critically of the complexion of Havana buildings, that I was not pleased with the scene around me. I



CUBAN SOLDIER.



CUBAN NEGRO.

class. Where are the impostors who told me that all these things were no cheaper and no better here than in New York? Everything is beautiful, everything is delightful, I am fairly intoxicated (the brandy may have something to do with it). I go about bewildered, for I scarcely catch a glimpse of one novelty before another presents itself. Why has no one ever told us about this paradise of the tropics? Why do people come back and tell lies, or only say that they've had a "praty good time," or that they could get no oysters, or they hadn't all the modern improvements in Havana. Confound the modern improvements! What do you want with the modern improvements in Paradise? Croton water is a very good thing, but what is Croton water compared to civility. You can get warm baths for twenty-five cents each in Havana, you have as much water as you want to wash in, you have ice-water to drink if you choose, and claret costs next to nothing. Gas they have, hot-air furnaces they don't require, so after all—

Captain Bowen and I go into a hat store to purchase each a sombrero. I am surprised to find all hats are called sombrero. I thought sombrero meant a broad-brimmed fellow. We each purchase a broad brim, thinking we will be thoroughly Cuban, and in the full of the fashion; we soon find out that only the lower



CUBAN GENTLEMAN.

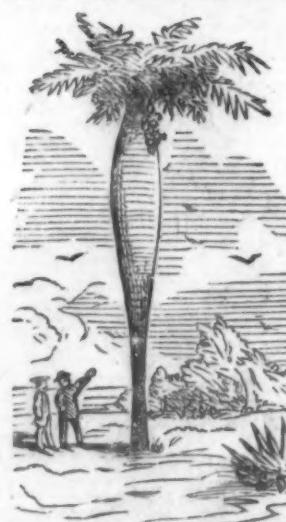


CUBAN CHAMBERMAID.

classes wear hats of the kind we have procured; that the better sort of people favor inordinately tall, stove-pipe silk hats. No language can convey an idea of the height of these hats, or the comical and I might add, conical, appearance they present to Northern eyes. The first one I observe is standing on the floor of our hat store. I take it for a black bitching-post. It looks like a joke. I ask Captain Bowen what it is; he asks the storekeeper; the storekeeper says, "Sombrero." I happen to look up and see a gentleman passing down the street with one on his head, precisely similar. It is too funny, absolutely too funny to laugh at. It is too funny from my point of view—my point of view being 519 Broadway, forty-one degrees north latitude; to the Cubans, of course, it is all right; they are accustomed to it. In one corner of the sombrero store sits a little chip of a Chinaman, working on a sewing-machine. He seems to combine the personal attractions of a dried apple and a sick kitten. Presently, they bring in a plate with his dinner, and he eats it on his sewing-machine. I have no doubt he is a good workman. They tell me the Chinamen are excellent hands at light mechanical labor, though far inferior to negroes in the field. Captain Bowen has some business to attend to, so he leaves me, and I continue my wandering alone. I fancy that a person speaking English and French will have no difficulty in making himself understood in Havana; indeed, some one told me as much in New York. I speak English and French. I wish to make some purchases. As I stroll along the streets, I look at all the stores, in hopes of seeing a sign bearing some such inscription as "Here they speak English," or "Ici l'on parle Français;" but nothing of the kind meets my scrutinizing eye. Perhaps they all speak French here; I think nothing of it. I will try. I enter a stationer's. "Parlez-vous Français?" I say; and then I think of Lever's story of the Irishman, and feel inclined to add, "then, will you have the kindness to lend me the loan of a gridiron?" but I don't. The storekeeper says, "Española." I try him with my own tongue. "Do you speak English?" Again he says, "Española." No language of which I am master can convey any idea of the utter absence of expression or emotion with which he utters this word; his manner does not even amount to indifference. I come to a dead halt. I want some pens, paper and ink: so I make a motion with my fingers and thumb, as though writing, point to myself, and then make several other motions, which signify I don't know precisely what, but perhaps may be freely translated, "Now go ahead." The storekeeper looks at me. Not a ray of anything, intelligence, fear, hope,



CUBAN GENTLEMAN.



CUBAN PALM TREE.

mirth, pity, hatred, envy, disgust or indifference, illumines his face; a corpse would be a vicious object beside him. Finding this sort of pantomime of no use, I carefully examine his glass show-case, and then I say some steel pens. I point to them; he takes them out; I help myself, and look for a holder, but seeing none, make more signs; these do not move him in the slightest degree, so I take a Spanish gold piece out of my pocket and tender it. He weighs the gold piece on a pair of scales; but whether he finds it fu-

short weight, I cannot tell; I only know he gives me back a handful of our own dearly-beloved silver dimes—coins I remember having seen in my childhood, or in some other remote, happy period. I try a great many other stores, but find them all the same in every particular; no one seems to speak, or care to speak, anything but "Española." Now, if you were deaf, dumb and blind, and a Dutchman, and were to go into a Frenchman's place of business, he would find out some way of communicating with you. He would understand every your gesture; and he would have the entire contents of his store off his shelves and presented to you before he would allow you to go away unvisited; whilst an American, German, Englishman or Kalmuck Tartar, would make some effort to find out what the deuce you wanted. Not so the Cuban; he is simply passive, and charges you an extra price for being a stranger. Truth to tell, I don't think they like to see blue-eyed men among them. They inherit the old Iberian trait of jealousy toward strangers. They call the cholera, the pestilence; for, say they, if it were not for him, Cuba would be overrun with foreigners. There are two periodical-dealers (one American and the other English) somewhere in the town, where you can talk as much English as you please; but, as there is only room enough for one person to stand in either store at a time, they can hardly be considered as very attractive lounging-places.

I am getting tired, and what is worse, thirsty. I wish I knew the Spanish name for some nice refreshing drink, that I might enter one of the numerous bars which I pass, and reconstruct myself. At this instant I meet an acquaintance, late a fellow-passenger on board the good ship *Eagle*. I know he speaks Spanish, so I invite him to drink. He accepts, and leads the way into a *pocasa*, which is half court-yard, half house, and so "mixed," architecturally speaking, that it is hard to tell when you are out of doors, and when in. There is a little basin of water, and an orange tree, and some singing-birds in the court. We seat ourselves at a table, and my friend orders *penas*; the landlord produces two large tumblers of ice-water, two halves of a lemon, a bottle of brandy, and four oblong objects that look like the scorpions from some volcanic mountain. Each of these last-named objects is about the shape and proportions of a well-developed country sausage; they are as light as feathers and as white as down, and are, I believe, the *penas*, the brandy, lemon and water being only accessories. My friend gently insinuates one of these *penas* into the brimming tumbler, and I see, to my surprise, that it rapidly melts; when both are dissolved, he adds a squeeze of lemon-juice to some brandy (the brandy-bottle is confidently left to our care whilst the host goes about his business), and then he drinks the result. I do likewise in every particular, and I enjoy a most delicious draught. The brandy is good, the *penas* good, the lemon good, the ice-water good. All honor to *penas* in the tropics! When ready to go, I call for my reckoning. Ten cents. Ten cents? Ten cents!!! for two tumblers of ice-water, a lemon, four *penas*, and brandy unlimited? Impossible! Such, however, my unhappy and best-rehearsed fellow-countryman, is the fact. I pay ten cents for the entire entertainment. I get an excellent cigar for two cents, and proceed on my way rejoicing.

I find, in trying to recall my observations on Cuba, that my recollections are somewhat mixed. Havana is a place well calculated, I think, to mix things in a man's head; I know I find it so in my case; and as I do not possess the faculty of system, will the readers kindly allow me to administer the mixture as it is?

I am struck with the extreme narrowness of the side-walks; they are not even two feet wide as a general rule; but this is not of much consequence in a country where every one rides. There are swarms of volantes crawling through all the streets of the city, and you can hire one to carry you anywhere, within the limits, for twenty cents. Standing at the door of the Hotel Inglaterra, I saw a little barefooted boy drive up in a volante, with two buckets of whitewash. Shortly after a portly negro sailed past me and hailed one of these public vehicles, driven by a white man, and the white man came to her call like a lamb, received her instructions, and drove off with her just as fast as though she had been the whitest alderman out of Tammany Hall.

The domestic arrangements in our hotel are peculiar. Our chambermaid is a gentleman who reminds me forcibly of Barnum's "What is it?" On the next floor the chambermaid is a large-bearded, muscular Spaniard, not unlike portraits I have seen of some ex-Confederate Generals. The other day, in passing, I observed him making up the beds in a chamber occupied by two young ladies; the ladies were in the room at the time, engaged on some needlework; "they did not deem it strange."

I wished to have some linen washed; the proprietor said certainly, he would procure me a laundress. The laundress came and took my things away in a volante. He recalled to my mind Count D'Orsay in his better days. He certainly was the greatest swell of a laundress (I won't call it a latrine) I ever met. He tapped his patent leather boot with his gold-headed cane, whistled his cigar, bowed, took off his hat, and wished me good-day with the air of a duke—but the washing was abominably done. His charge was enormous. Well, I do not complain; with the exception of railroad traveling, washing was the only expensive thing I found in Havana. With regard to the railroad prices, I think they charged me four dollars and a half in gold, for a journey of about fifty miles.

The population is somewhat mixed in Havana, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America being each thoroughly represented. All the soldiers, police, and public officers are native Spaniards who with the American, German, French, and English merchants stand for Europe; the large population of Chinese coolies represent Asia; the negroes, Africa; and the native Cubans, America. These natives, by-the-way, owing to the large infusion of aboriginal American Indian blood, present a different type from the European Spaniard, and to my eye a more pleasant one. They have oval faces, large, gentle eyes, with a slight suspicion of the "tar brush" in their complexions. They are cordial and caressing in their manners. Holding you by one hand, they will pat you gently on the back with the other, as they inquire as to your health, movements, or opinions: "Ah, you well go see see fight see book? No? Ah, you have see some coke-fight? Ah, ou like him? No?" and so on, generally finishing every query with a negative, pronounced interrogatively. They seem very tender to children, and never weary of petting and fondling them. I never heard a child crying, or saw a man drunk in the land of the plague and the palm tree. Ah, yes, by-the-way, I once met an old priest who was soberly and solemnly tight. I was introduced to him in a *casa* or barroom, when he begged me to consider anything in the house mine to the extent of seventeen ounces (about three hundred and six dollars in gold), and persisted in forcing numerous gold pieces on my friend. He was a jolly old padre, but his conversation might have been objected to in ladies' society.

Speaking of priests naturally suggests a little incident which occurred to me on a plantation. I was inspecting the nursery where the juvenile darkies are stored, when suddenly eight or ten of the little grinning urchins rushed forward in an irregular line and knapped down on their knees before me, with their hands raised in the attitude of prayer. I was told that they desired me to give them my blessing. I gave them ten cents, about the nearest approach to a benediction that I felt at liberty as an erring and fallible layman to bestow. I learned that it is a universal custom for negro children to crave the benison of any stray white man who happens to come along. To me the sensation of being called upon to bless a fellow-creature was exceedingly novel and surprising. I cannot deny, however, that I felt a trifling sensation of self-exultation when the circumstance recurred to me at frequent periods during the course of the day.

At this same plantation, I, for the first time in my life, saw an orange orchard. It was about the only thing connected with the tropics I had always longed to see. From my childhood upward I have always wondered how these golden balls grew, and what kind of trees they grew on. There seemed something incongruous in their growing on anything, and I felt prompted to ask "How much?" as I picked one from its dead-leaf branch. There were strange spiky things in that Cuban garden; trees bristling all the way up their huge trunks with vicious thorns; shrubs with writhing thorns like bullock's horns knotted and twisted around their slender stems; flowers whose leaves ter-

minated in dirks and daggers, big enough and strong enough to run a man through the body. Vegetation seems to run very much to thorns in the Tropic of Cancer. I think I saw a greater variety of thorns in that beautiful garden than I have seen before or since. But there were other things curious here besides thorns. One tree bore huge flowers of the exact size and shape of a large duck; several had fallen to the ground, and I sketched one as it lay.

Most palm trees seem to have an absurd fashion of growing the biggest part of their trunk near the top, but I never saw so marked a specimen as on this plantation. The outlines are graceful, but the effect is topsy.

With palm trees, in pictures, we are all familiar enough, but to see them actually growing is something beyond conception, surprising, delightful and comic. It is such a preposterous tree, looking so though it were turned in a lathe, painted, and had a bunch of feathers stuck on the top, or like a long gray carrot with its point stuck in the earth. Palms when combined with other foliage add grace and variety to the landscape, but standing alone in a bare field, as they frequently do in Cuba, they look gaunt and grim like funeral plumes. A few, by way of variety, are all very well, but, for a steady thing, give me the grand old elm, the oak, the maple, and the chestnut. I saw no foliage South to equal the vigorous product of the North. It either had an air of feeble lassitude or was demonstratively vigorous and spiky.

I was fortunate in being able to visit one of the best-ordered plantations on the island, and at the same time to learn by experience the meaning of Cuban hospitality—and he must be an ill-conditioned dog who would not be delighted with both one and the other.

The proportion and appointments of the buildings astonished me. The structure, which I took, on my first arrival, for the villa residence of the proprietor, proved to be the hospital for sick slaves and coolies. The negro quarters were contained in a large white edifice, built in the form of a hollow square, and was superior in appearance to any military barracks I have seen. The Cubans had similar quarters. The children's nursery opened out to a beautiful lawn. The administrator's residence was a most charming villa, with a piazza, fifteen feet wide, running the whole length of the house, both back and front. There was a stable for twenty or thirty horses, and every stall filled, kitchen and quarters for the overseer, a large pigeon and rabbit-house, a gas-house (the whole place being lighted by gas), and last, the enormous sugar-house, with four of its steam-engines hard at work; they had eleven steam-engines on the plantation, two of which were used in plowing.

It is the custom, here, to rise at about six, take a cup of coffee, eat some fruit, walk or ride, and breakfast at about ten. Breakfast is a substantial meal, comprising ten or a dozen dishes of meat, washed down with light wine. The table is spread on the wide piazza, so that you have the full benefit of any breeze that may be blowing, and at the same time enjoy an uninterrupted view of the surrounding scenery. After breakfast we lounge about the piazza smoking cigars, the administrator transacting business, and receiving reports from various persons, among others from a cruel-looking negro-driver who presents himself with lash in hand.

I passed through Matanzas on my way back to Havana, but sternly refused to visit a certain wonderful cave for which the place is celebrated. The idea of having up sights in a country where every leaf and blade of grass is a sight to the stranger's eyes! Caves are found all over the world, but palms and oranges only flourish in the tropics. Why, I derived more pleasure, I am satisfied, from witnessing a toddler-laden horse meandering along the streets of Havana than all the caves in Christendom could have afforded. I was walking along the Place d'Isabel, quite provincial, one fine morning, when I beheld a huge bundle of green moving toward me; it had no visible means of locomotion, and seemed to belong to no one. As it came nearer I observed that the mass was composed of green corn-stalks, and that somewhere, in its impossible recesses, was concealed a horse. Thus do these simple and innocent people bring to market the food destined to nourish those handsome, chunky little horses I see every night clattering about the streets, propelling volantes. As I return to Havana I find things very much mixed. Theatres, circuses, cock-fights, bull-fights, dinners, brass bands, volantes, fish-markets, all clamorously presenting themselves at once to my attention like hack-drivers at a steamboat-landing. They all queer things in the Havana market; fish the shape of beechnuts, and apparently made of tin, other fish like eels, with snipe's bills, odd vegetables with bright-brown exterior, and all kinds of fruit. I observe the market-women cut up their chickens with scissors, and sell them by the quarter; what class of people indulge in the infinitesimal luxury of a quarter of spring chicken I do not know, but I saw several purchases of the kind made. This plan of using scissors may be a valuable wrinkle to our chicken-butchers. I once heard of a man having his hair cut with a knife and fork, but scissors to meat was something new to me.

Of course I went to a bull-fight, where I saw five or six bulls and as many horses killed; also one man; he was killed by the last bull, a most active and ferocious brute, who impaled one of the unfortunate matadores on his horns, and threw him ten feet in the air. I have heard many tourists sneer at the bull-fights. I can tell the world there is no joke about them.

I saw a cock-fight, but did not find the spectacle of two roosters pecking out each other's eyes to be very amusing. I visited the Tacon Theatre, an enormous barn, where half the audience were behind the scenes, this being a privilege to which the fast young men of Havana are accustomed. The circus, I found better than that in New York; here the audience walked about the pit between the performances, or strolled into the stables, where, somehow, among the horses, was a bar, at which I drank the worst orangy I tasted in Havana; but then, it must be borne in mind, this place of entertainment was partially under the influence of northern civilization.

A large number of Cubans I found very favorably inclined toward annexation to the United States, and, what was remarkable, made no bones of expressing their opinion. How they may feel, now that they seem to have a prospect of asserting their independence, I do not know, but it is to be hoped that the beautiful island will long be spared the blessings of republican simplicity and democratic aldermen, with the attendant luxuries of brawling, drunkenness, and insecurity.

#### General Jose Balta, President of Peru.

**GENERAL JOSE BALTA**, actual President of Peru, is a native of the northern part of that republic, where he enjoys great personal popularity. In the rising a year ago against the Government of President Prado, he led the revolutionists in the north, while General Canseco, whom Prado had deposed, headed the disaffection in the south. On the overthrow of Prado, the Presidency was disputed between Canseco and Balta, ending, however, in the success of the latter, who has administered the government with great firmness and success, adopting, on the whole, the very able policy of his predecessor.

#### The Magneto-Electric Light.

MANY and loud, but ineffectual, have been the complaints of the long-suffering populations of our great cities, and especially of the metropolis, against the extortions and short-comings of those gigantic and unconscious monopolies, the gas companies. To appeal to these soulless corporations in any other way than through their profit and loss accounts, experience has proved of no avail. Our communities, therefore, cannot fail to regard with interest any project that promises a better and more economical system of illumination.

Through the courtesy of the officers of the French steamer St. Laurent, of the line established between this port and Havre, and especially through the kindness of Mr. Dampier, the chief engineer, we are able to

illustrate some of the effects of the Magneto-Electric Light in use on board of that splendid specimen of naval architecture.

The function of this Magneto-Electric Machine is to create, to collect and to constitute in a sensibly continuous current, to be applied industrially, the electricity born of magnetic induction, or by the influence exercised by magnets on bodies that enter momentarily their sphere of action. It has attained a degree of extraordinary perfection and efficiency; it is the most complete solution of the problem of the cheap production of electricity and of electrical currents.

The electric light created by these Magneto-Electric Machines, is eminently suitable: 1. For lighting the entrances to harbors and docks. 2. For lighthouses. 3. For lighting ocean steamers, incomparably enhancing the security of navigation in avoiding dangerous coasts and collisions. 4. For lighting vessels of war and assisting all night operations of the naval service. 5. For illuminating public parks, theatres, and extensive works where haste requires night labor; and, in short, in all cases where powerful light, economically produced, is essential to the convenience and safety of communities.

We have endeavored, in our engravings, to represent some of the advantages to be secured by this system of illumination. For lighting the ferry slips its value would be inestimable, especially as its luminous power pierces the thickest fog and throws the brilliancy of sun-rays into the darkest night.

We shall illustrate and treat this important subject more in detail hereafter, as it is one that certainly deserves the aid and inspiration of an earnest popular support.

#### "VENGEANCE ON THE TRAIL."

There is no very particular or novel history attached to the engraving which we have called "Vengeance on the Trail." In fact, it may consider as part a picture of the imagination, although it represents many a stern reality of the Indian war. The gallant Custer and his brave followers in blue are on the track of the hostile savages; they reach the settler's home far away on the confines of the wilderness, in time not to save, but to avenge. The wounded settlers struggling with death, and, as the eager soldiers crowd around, the farmer's wife, brave in her sorrow, points out the trail of the red murderers, and urges the avengers onward. It is a scene that time and tide again has been repeated in this irrepressible conduct between the white men and the red.

**Fine Arts—"The Plains at the Base of the Rocky Mountains."** — From the Original Painting by W. Whittredge, N. A.

This picture, from which our engraving is taken, is a scene in Colorado, and represents the Plains and distant mountains, as seen from the South Platte river, near Denver, or about one hundred miles north of Pike's Peak. In the distance, at the right, is Long's Peak, a prominent and well-known landmark on the overland route to California. This mountain and Pike's Peak, which is about the same height, belong to the great eastern chain, and is the first, in crossing the Plains by the Platte valley, to lift itself above the grass and display its glittering summit to the traveler.

The Plains at this point obtain an elevation of between four and five thousand feet, and continue apparently level to the base of the mountains. The atmosphere is extremely clear, and the height and distance of the mountains often deceptive to the eye.

The foreground is occupied by the South Platte river, a swift but smooth and shallow stream, gliding over yellow sands, and overhung by cottonwood trees. It has been a favorite camping-ground of the Ute Indians, a mountain tribe who sought its banks for fish and game. A few of their wigwams are under the trees, and a party returning from the chase are crossing the stream.

Few pictures have been painted of the Western Plains, peculiar in their character, the scene of so many adventures, and at present the theatre of an enterprise which is soon to change their primeval aspect, and dot them over with fields and cities. To make a faithful record and present a truthful and characteristic picture, has been the artist's principal aim in this work.

Mr. Whittredge made his sketches for this painting while accompanying General Pope on a tour of inspection through what, at that time, two years ago, was that General's Department. They crossed the Plains on horseback, passing northward from Denver to Santa Fe, and down the Rio Grande a short distance, and so back again to the Missouri river, a journey of two thousand miles, for weeks together, under the very shadow of the mountains. The artist had thus an excellent opportunity to study his theme, and he has made good use of it.

Mr. Whittredge, from these Western sketches, has also painted an elaborate picture of Santa Fe for the Union League Club. It hangs in their fine exhibition-room, and has never been publicly exhibited. Another fine painting, by the same artist, belongs to H. G. Morland, Esq., and is called "The Emigrant Train." Mr. Whittredge proposes to visit the West again next summer; and surely no finer field is open to landscape-painters in this country.

#### ROSSINI'S WILL.

The following is a translation of the text of the last will and testament of Gioacchino Rossini, who lately died in Paris:

"This is my will, in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost: Amen. In the certitude of having to leave this mortal life, I have determined to make my last dispositions.

"At my death the sum of 3,000 francs, at the utmost, shall be employed for my funeral; my body shall be deposited where my wife shall think proper.

"As legacies, I bequeath to my maternal uncle, Francisco Maria Guidani, living at Pesaro, 6,000.; to Maria Mazzoli, my maternal aunt, residing at Bologna, 5,000.; and to my two cousins at Pesaro, Antonia and Giuseppe Gorini, 2,000. each. These sums are my sole and only bequests; they shall be paid immediately after my death if there shall be any funds available; in the contrary case, my executors will take the time necessary, paying five per cent. interest. If the legatees shall have died before me, the amount shall be divided between their children equally.

"To my beloved wife, Olympie Descailliers, who has been an affectionate and faithful companion to me, and for whom any other eulogy would be inferior to her merit, I leave in full property all the furniture, linen, upholstery, porcelain, vases, my autographs of music, carriages, horses, all the objects belonging to the stables, harness-room, and cellars, bronzes, pictures and others; in fine, all that is in my houses either in

town or country, excepting the objects I shall mention hereafter:

"I further declare to be the exclusive and absolute property of my wife all the plate; and I desire that she shall be placed in possession of any object she may declare to be hers,—among such may be in my chamber or amongst my effects. —  
boxes, rings, chains, pins, arms, canes, medals, watches (excepting, however, a small one by Breguet, which is my wife's);—small battle-pieces in silver by Benvenuto Cellini, with a gold and ivory frame; another bass-relief in silver; my violin, alto, flute, harpobols, ivory syringes, articles for the toilet, drawings of albums, shall be sold at a valuation or by public auction, as my executors shall consider most advantageous. The proceeds shall form a portion of the estate.

"I give entire and full power to my wife to select from among my real and personal property and securities those which may most suit her convenience, in restitution of the marriage portion which she brought me at the period of our marriage. Of all my other property and effects I institute and name, as usufructuary heir, my beloved wife, during her natural life. I appoint as my heir to the reversionary interest the community of Pesaro, my birthplace, to create and endow a Conservatoire of Music, but only after my wife's death.

"I forbid the magistracy, or its communal representatives of the said town, to have any species of control over, or intervention in my property, requiring that my wife shall enjoy it in absolute liberty, not desiring even that she should give any security, or be obliged to render reasons for the use which she may make of what I leave, and the unsuitability of which I bequeath to her.

"I appoint as my testamentary executors in Italy the Marquis Carlo Villanueva and the Cavaliere Marco Minghetti of Bologna, where they reside, giving them full powers, and begging them to accept the charge which my choice imposes, and thus granting to me this last proof of good will and frienability.

"I appoint, moreover, as my executors in France, M. Vincenzo Buffarini, residing at 30 Rue Basée-du-Boulevard, and M. Aubry, of No. 27 Boulevard des Italiens, begging them to be good enough to accept, as a souvenir, each 1,000 francs, at the end of a year, reckoning from the day of my death.

"I desire that after my death and that of my wife, there shall be founded at Paris, in perpetuity, and exclusively for Fr. noblemen, two prizes of 3,000 francs each, to be given annually; one to the author of a musical composition, religious or lyrical, the principal feature in which shall be melody, so much neglected at present; and the other to the writer of the words (prose or verse) to which the music is to be applied, and to which it must be perfectly appropriate, in observing the laws of morality, not always sufficiently respected. These productions shall be submitted to the examination of a special committee



The Summit Tunnel, Pacific Railroad, Sierra Nevada.

On the hither slope of the continent, the popular idea of the magnitude of that crowning work of American enterprise, the Pacific Railroad, relates chiefly to the gigantic operations east of the Rocky Mountains. But on the Pacific slope, too, the work goes bravely on.

Our engraving shows the last end of the Summit Tunnel, on the top of the Sierra Nevada, in California, midway between Coburn and Cisco. At this point the grade is 7,042 feet above the level of the sea. The entrance to the tunnel is 105 miles east of Sacramento. The scenery is wild and picturesque, presenting those

THE SUMMIT TUNNEL, WESTERN SLOPE OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD, SIERRA NEVADA, CALIFORNIA.

attributes of grandeur peculiar to the mountain sections of California.

#### "Open Houses" in Ireland after the Elections.

"OPEN HOUSES," or a free entertainment given by the successful candidates in each county, are now the last remaining signs that the general elections are over in Ireland. On these occasions the peasantry in general, as well as the voters, are supplied with any amount of strong ale and pipes, and fiddlers are not wanting to aid in the indoor amusements of the evening. It is the lucky candidates, who, having by a chance been saved the expenses of a contest, are most

liberal in giving the people these free entertainments, to enable them not only to drown their grief for the sport they were so unceremoniously deprived of, but to give them an opportunity of indulging in several little propensities that come, as a matter of course, whenever there is a lack of a merrymaking that includes plenty of drink. Our illustration represents a scene at an "open house" in Queen's county, Ireland. The ale was abundant, both within and without the establishment. The village schoolmaster mounted an ale barrel while in full play, and read aloud the latest news from the *Fremont*, amidst the cheers of his admiring audience, until certain little differences of opinion arose between some parties in the group, which caused a slight skirmish, and for a while interrupted

the good-fellowship of the meeting, which otherwise passed off with the utmost hilarity.

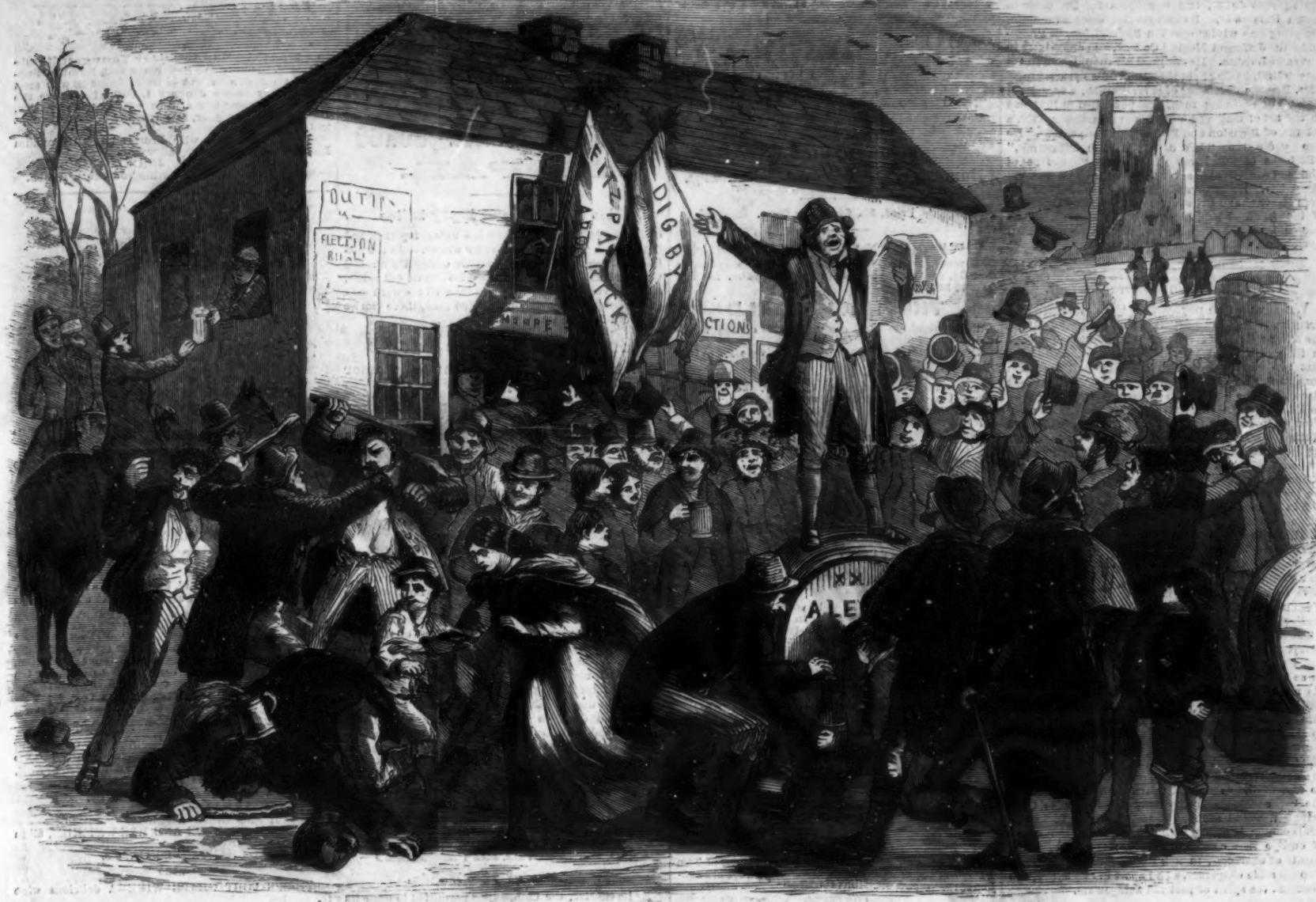
#### THE LATE DR. USHER PARSONS.

DR. USHER PARSONS, who, till he, too, passed away, was the last surviving commissioned officer of Commodore Perry's fleet in the memorable battle of Lake Erie, died recently at Providence, R. I., on the 19th December, 1868, at the advanced age of eighty.

Dr. Parsons was born in Alfred, York county, Me., and was the youngest son of one of the pioneer settlers of that old town. He obtained his early education at the neighboring schools and academy, and finished his



FINE ARTS—"THE PLAINS AT THE BASE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS."—FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY W. WHITREDGE, N. A.—SEE PAGE 267.



"OPEN HOUSE" IN IRELAND, AFTER THE ELECTIONS.—SEE PAGE 268.

medical studies under the eminent Dr. John Warren, of Boston. At the age of twenty-three he entered the navy as a surgeon's mate, and immediately joined the frigate John Adams soon after the declaration of war in 1812. The officers and crew of the vessel volunteered for service on the lakes.

Dr. Parsons left Black Rock, where he was at first stationed, for Erie, with the vessels that had been armed and equipped, and reached that place June 14, 1813. As soon as Perry's whole squadron were ready for service, they went to Put-in-Bay. Great sickness prevailed in the fleet; the two senior medical officers were disabled, and the whole of their duties devolved on Dr. Parsons.

In the battle which ensued, September 10, he was the only medical officer on duty, and was on board the flagship Lawrence, commanded by Perry, which bore the brunt of the battle. The floor of the room in which he received the wounded was at nearly the level of the water, so that they and the surgeon were exposed to the fire of the battle, and two were killed after passing from his hands. The following letter shows the estimate placed by the commander on his professional services. Addressing the Secretary of the Navy, he writes:

Of Dr. Usher Parsons, Surgeon's Mate, I cannot say too much. In consequence of the sickness of Drs. Barton and Horseley, the duties of operating, dressing

and attending nearly one hundred wounded and as many sick devolved entirely on him. I can only say, sir, that in the event of my having another command, I should consider myself peculiarly fortunate in having him with me as Surgeon. (Signed)

O. H. PERRY.

After the battle, the wounded from the other vessels were received on board the Lawrence and sent to Erie, where the courthouse was made a hospital, Dr. Parsons retaining charge of them. He was ordered to rank as full surgeon from the day of the battle, and received his commission as such the following April. He remained in charge of the wounded till the following May, when he was ordered on board the Lawrence.

In November, 1814, Dr. Parsons, at the request of

Commodore Perry, was ordered by the Secretary of the Navy to the new frigate Java, at Baltimore, as chief surgeon of that noble vessel; he joined her in the following May, and sailed in January, 1816, for the Mediterranean. He returned in her to Boston in February, 1817, and after a year's leave of absence he was ordered to the Guerriere, Captain McDonough, and sailed in July, 1818, to Russia, and thence to the Mediterranean. He there obtained leave to travel for the improvement of his health, and passed the following winter in the hospitals and medical schools of Paris and London; returned in the spring, and was stationed two years in the Charlestown Navy Yard. During that time he was appointed Professor of Anatomy in Dartmouth



THE LATE DR. USHER PARSONS, THE LAST OF PERRY'S COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AT THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.—SEE PAGE 268.



THE LATE ANTOINE-PIERRE BOSTET, THE GREAT FRENCH LAWYER, ORATOR AND STATESMAN.—SEE PAGE 270.

College. After a year or two he settled in general practice in Providence, and was appointed Professor in Brown University. He had resided there ever since, excepting one winter spent in Philadelphia, as Professor in the Jefferson Medical College, and one winter in Paris and London. He resigned his commission in the navy in 1823, having held it more than ten years.

Dr. Parsons is author of several works, a volume on diseases of seafaring men, first published in 1822, one on the art of making anatomical preparations, 1830, a volume of Boylston and Fiske Prize Essays, 1839. He also wrote the "Life of Sir William Pepparrell," "Sketches of the Lives of Eminent Physicians of Rhode Island," and several historical and medical pamphlets. He received the honorary degree of A. M. from Harvard and Brown, was for three years President of the Rhode Island Medical Society, and in 1855 was elected First Vice-President of the American Medical Association.

#### The late Antoine Pierre Berryer.

We give a fine portrait of the distinguished French advocate and politician, whose recent death, at the advanced age of seventy-eight, had been announced in the mortuary list of celebrated men that within the past two months have died in France. Berryer was born in Paris, in 1790. The political trials which took place after the Second Restoration brought him into notice. Through successive changes in the Government he took active part in political affairs, boldly and openly manifesting his monarchical principles. He opposed the Government of Louis Napoleon, and on the coup d'état of 1851 was vehement in denouncing him as a usurper. He then abandoned politics for the law, and was considered at the head of his profession in France.

The Chateau d'Angerville was the favorite residence of M. Berryer, and there he quietly breathed his last. The chateau was built by Jacques Cœur, the celebrated silversmith, who, after having loaned two hundred thousand crowns to Charles VII., was compelled to leave France, and perish in battle against the Turks. We publish a view of the exterior of the fine old medieval manor, seen from the park.

Toward the close of his last illness the friends of M. Berryer were often deceived by his long and fainting fits, that resembled death. Awakening from one of these lethargies, the dying man, himself surprised at his return to consciousness, cried out: "What do I still live! Well, then, vive le roi!" The first words of this exclamation recollecting to mind a similar expression by Daniel Webster on his death-bed, are rendered still more remarkable by the resemblance between the two great orators. Not only in intellectual grandeur and in eloquence, but in moral conformation, they seemed to be cast in the same mold; even, indeed, in regard to the carelessness and wastefulness of both in their private financial affairs. Each one passed the crisis of his country's history with a grandeur and a firmness of outline that command respect; and both, in intensity of character, in nobility of form and face, in incomparable eloquence, stood apart in excellence, and disarmed the spirit of partisan antagonism.

C. O. D.—Reader, if you want a genuine watch, and do not desire to be swindled by dealers in spurious imitations, procure circular containing valuable information to watch buyers. Sent free. M. E. CHAPMAN & CO., 47 Liberty street, N. Y.

RIMMEL's Perfumery is rapidly finding its way into our first-class stores, and its great recommendation is its own merits. The quality is, undeniably, of the highest class, and the manner of putting up unique. The father of M. Eugene Rimmel was superintendent in the laboratory of the original Lubin, and his son has made the art of Perfumery the study of his life. As an author or lecturer on this delightful subject, Eugene Rimmel is unequalled. We hear he will visit this country in May next, and it is probable he will deliver a lecture on Perfumery in each of our principal cities, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the Orphan Institute of the city in which he lectures.

A VISIT to the beautiful Piano Warerooms of Messrs. J. Bauer & Co., No. 660 Broadway, New York, will agreeably surprise all who can appreciate an instrument in every respect of superior quality, of the most elaborate workmanship, elegant in appearance, powerful and harmonious in tone, and at the same time so low in price, as to astonish those who are fair judges of its merits. A thorough inspection of this new and magnificent instrument that Messrs. Bauer & Co. are now offering, and a practical test of its qualities, will convince every one that, at the price of \$450, for which it can be obtained, it is the best and cheapest Piano ever presented to the public.

KALDENBERG & SON, of this city, the most extensive manufacturers of Meerschaum goods in the country, have placed on exhibition at their Wall street store a collection of one hundred elegantly colored Meerschaum Pipes, donated by their patrons. The firm received the highest honorary mention at the Paris Exposition, and this display furnishes a satisfactory evidence of their superior workmanship, and the excellence of their materials.

In view of the extraordinary support given to operatic performances in this country, Americans may now be considered a musical people. The cultivation of this Art Divine is greatly assisted by B. W. Hitchcock, No. 98 Spring street, N. Y., who is selling popular songs with the music, at 5 cents per copy.

"SAY, Caesar Augustus, why am your legs like an organ-grinder?"

"Don't know, Mr. Sugarloaf—why is they?"

"Cates they carry a monkey about the street."

A brick grazed the head of Mr. Sugarloaf just as his ears disappeared round the corner of a street.

A JUVENILE, on coming home for a vacation, astounded his father by asking:

"Why is my education like iced hock and sausages?"

And before the amazed father could reply, the young rogue added, "Because it's schooling" (it's cooling.)

A POOR young man fell in love with an heiress, and the passion being returned, it only wanted the parent's consent to make them happy. At length, meeting the father, he asked for the daughter's hand.

"How much money can you command?" asked the millionaire, gruffly.

"Not much," was the reply.

"What are your expectations?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I expect, if you refuse your consent, to run away with your daughter, and marry her without it."

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Buy bottles that white wrappers fit;

But tools are often caught and sold;

With tinted wrappers, brown and old.

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#### Art and Science.

In a word, THE NEW WORLD will be sought by the multitude, and treasured for its teachings and varied contents. It will be just such a publication as is demanded by the people—asked for in the home circle—because of its freshness, vivaciousness, wit, and elevated tone.

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HON. E. G. Squier, the well-known antiquarian, author and traveler, whose works on the ancient ruins of South America have been translated into every language.

Prof. C. A. Joy, Lecturer on Chemistry and cognate Sciences at Columbia College, New York.

A. E. Gardner, M.D., author of many important works on Medicine.

William Ross Wallace, the poet of passion and chivalry.

Captain Mayne Reid, the world-known interpreter of Mexican, Texan, and Border life.

Pierce Egan, the great English romancist.

A. J. H. Duganne,

G. W. A. Bungay,

Virginia F. Townsend,

M. A. Dennison.

To give the public a fair idea of the character of THE NEW WORLD, the papers in the first number are subjoined:

#### CONTENTS.

"The Ring of Fire"; or, The Sorcerer of the Temple, a splendidly written romance—profusely illustrated from the pen of Arthur Sibley. This splendid story of the East, portraying the reign of the beautiful Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, will be read everywhere with profound interest.

"Outwitted: A Novel of Circumstantial Evidence," by Frances Gerry Fairfield. This story is powerfully written, and replete with incident. It is a tale of life in the metropolis. Illustrated.

"The House of Mullen, Rokes & Co." by Virginia F. Townsend, a lady whose graceful pen is known to every reader of *belles-lettres*.

"An Hour in a Dissecting Room." This tale of real life, by Mary A. Dennison, is well worth attentive perusal.

"The Diamond Ring; How it was Lost and Found." This story is founded in fact. To command it to the reader, it is only necessary to remark that its author is Hon. E. G. Squier.

"The Lover's Revenge; A Tale of the Mexican War," is unusually exciting. It is from the pen of Mayne Reid. Illustrated.

"Lost in a Pyramid; or, The Mummy's Curse." This is a fine, imaginative sketch, profusely illustrated. Its author is L. M. Alcott.

"How I Got into the Ball of St. Peter's." An interesting relation, by Frank Leslie, of his ascent to the ball of the Church of St. Peter's, at Rome. The situation in it are illustrated.

"The Post Office Box; or, The Conspiracy," is a curious romance of disappointed love and unholy ambition. It is by Catharine Earnshaw.

"The Magic Soup-Kettle." A Fairy Tale.

"Who Will Carry the Babies?" A humorous sketch by Nelle Ames.

"Poems"—by William Ross Wallace and others.

American Institute: Notes of the Doings of the Polytechnic Association and Farmers' Club.

Medical Information: Health! What Is It? By Dr. A. E. Gardner, author of many Text Books on Medicine.

The Dinner Table: How to Live and What to Eat. By the Chef de Cuisine of the Metropolitan Hotel.

Scientific Discoveries: Aluminum. By Professor C. A. Joy, Lecturer on Chemistry and Related Sciences at Columbia College. A series of exceedingly interesting papers, divested of learned terms and professional technicalities, is promised by this gentleman. They will, unquestionably, attract very general attention.

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"Bubbles." These consist of anecdotes, conundrums, etc.

#### TERMS FOR 1869.

THE NEW WORLD will be on sale at the stands of all News Agents, at six cents per copy.

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Postmasters and others who get up clubs in the towns in which they reside, can afterward add single copies at \$2.50.

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#### THE Union Pacific Railroad COMPANY OFFER A LIMITED AMOUNT OF THEIR FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS AT PAR.

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